

"Kathleen O'Neil"
- by -
George Pepper.

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Kathleen O'Neil,

OR,

A PICTURE OF FEUDAL TIMES IN IRELAND,

A National Melo-Drama of the Fourteenth Century.

IN THREE ACTS.

BY GEORGE PEPPER,

Editor of "The Irish Shield;" and Author of the Successful Melo-Drama of "Ireland Redeemed; or, the Devoted Princess," lately performed at the La Fayette Theatre, New York.

"On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days,
In the waves beneath him shining."

MOORE.



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TO MISS ROCK,
AN ACCOMPLISHED IRISH LADY,
Whose impressive and impassioned performances on the Stage.
Are only surpassed by the Feminine Virtues,
WITH WHICH SHE ADORNS THE SPHERE OF PRIVATE LIFE;
THIS MELO DRAMA,
To whose success her vivid and graceful personation of its
heroine in TWO THEATRES, so effectually
contributed,

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED; |

*In testimony of the admiration which her brilliant talents as an
Actress, and her elegant accomplishments as a Lady,*

HAVE EXCITED IN THE MIND OF

The Author,

GEORGE PEPPER.

Philadelphia, June 8th, 1832.

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PREFACE.

IN publishing the Drama of *Kathleen O'Neil*, it is necessary for the author to introduce it to the favour of the public, by a few prefatory observations. The materials of this play were collected partly from history, and the legends of the county of Antrim. The author owes it to the respect which he entertains for the memory of the late Miss BALFOUR, of Belfast, a gifted, patriotic, and graphic authoress, who has in her spirited poetry, and eloquent prose, enlarged and enriched the manor of Irish literature, to acknowledge on this occasion, that he has borrowed from her some of the scenes and incidents, as well as the outlines of three of the characters of his play. Candour and honour invoke from him this avowal, as he has too much literary pride to deck his reputation as a writer in stolen laurels. His ambition is to soar to "honest fame," on his own pinions. He never will plume his cap with borrowed feathers.

For the flattering marks of applause, with which the audiences of the Walnut Street, and Arch Street Theatres received *Kathleen O'Neil*, the author must ever cherish the most grateful remembrance. In the editorial columns of the *Irish Shield*, he has already expressed his obligations of gratitude to the performers who represented the piece, in both Theatres.

Mr. Maywood, the respectable acting manager of the Walnut Street Theatre, (the original *Black Brian*,) pre-

sented a spirited portrait of the hypocrite, that displayed great breadth of drawing, brilliancy of colouring, and impressiveness of effect. Mr. Fisher, as Cormac, was highly characteristic, and in some scenes reached a charm of humour beyond the sphere of the author's conception. *Miss Rock*, from the warmth of her patriotic feelings, entered into the very spirit of the character of the Ultonian Princess, and coloured her scenes with such delicate tints of sensibility and pathos, as affected the sympathy, and elicited the applause of the audience. Mrs. Turner, and the Misses Thayer and Riddle, sustained their respective parts with spirit and effect. Mr. Rowbotham, the stage manager, always a characteristic and efficient actor, made much of the little part Turloch.

In Arch Street Theatre, the play was admirably performed, by an excellent cast. Miss Rock, (who kindly volunteered her valuable services for the author's Benefit,) represented the heroine with increased attraction of interest. Mrs. Jones, the manager's lady, threw a halo of conception and spirit round the character of *Morna*; and Mrs. Stickney and Miss Riddle, (the original Lady Minona,) contributed materially to the effect of the performance. The gentlemen exerted themselves so meritoriously in sustaining the piece, that it would be invidious in the author to laud a few without awarding praise to the whole cast.

In conclusion, the author would give a sketch of the plot and conduct of this drama, which is composed of a tissue of facts and fictions.

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The historical and legendary materials, out of which the author has wrought the Drama of *Kathleen O'Neil*, are these. The news of the total defeat of the English army at the battle of Bannockburn, in 1314, by Robert Bruce, fills the Irish with joy and hope, who were then as they are now, grievously oppressed. The murder of Brian Roe, Prince of Thomond, by the De Clares and Geraldines, and the rapacious exactions of the Lord Deputy, Sir John Wogan, from the native Irish, goaded the O'Neils, O'Connors, Mc Mahons, and O'Briens, to madness, who finding that arms alone could defend them from the aggression of despotism, they according to this persuasion, raised the standard of revolt in Connaught and Ulster, and unanimously invited Prince Edward Bruce, to assume the sovereignty of Ireland.

To crush the insurrection in its infancy, Edward II. despatched Sir John Birmingham, a soldier of fortune, to Ireland, with a formidable army. On the arrival of this gallant officer in Dublin, he learns that the spirit of revolt had diffused its influence over every quarter of the kingdom. He is puzzled how to suppress the kindling insurrection. In this dilemma, he resolves to offer advantageous terms of peace to Phelim O'Neil, then, the most powerful of the Irish Princes, and to solicit the hand of his daughter, in marriage. Big with the hope of accomplishing his purpose, he repairs with a splendid retinue to the palace of O'Neil, where his overtures of peace is peremptorily rejected by the Prince, and his offer of marriage disdainfully spurned by his daughter. Chagrined and disappointed by the result

of his mission, he is returning to the strong fortress of Ardee, in the county of Louth, when he meets on his way *Black Brian*, a discontented hypocrite, who assumed the garb of a hermit, to disguise the turpitude of his heart. They concert a plan for carrying off clandestinely, the Princess from her father's castle. Meanwhile, O'Neil sets out to a distant district, to chastise a refractory vassal chieftain. *Black Brian* aware of the absence of his patron, conducts *Birmingham*, by a subterraneous passage, into the castle, and thence to the chamber of the Princess, whom they seize and carry off to a secret cavern, in a neighbouring forest; surprise, grief, and consternation, seize every bosom in the castle when the Princess is missed. Her lover, the young Prince of Thomond, who had been some time in the castle disguised as a minstrel, with all the domestics go in search of the captive Princess, and are fortunate enough to discover the cavern of her captivity, at the very moment that the followers of *Birmingham* are preparing to remove her to the castle of Ardee. *Black Brian* attempts to assassinate the Prince of Thomond, by whom in the struggle, he is overpowered and bound, and then dragged to the castle a prisoner by the domestics.

The Princess discovers the rank of her deliverer, in whose favour she was prepossessed, while she thought him only a wandering minstrel. The Prince O'Neil returns victorious, and is enraged and amazed, at the depravity and deception of *Black Brian*, whom he sentences to imprisonment for life; and as the guards are lea-

ding him off, Birmingham provoked to fury by the hermit's duplicity, encounters him, and after a violent combat, Brian is killed. Birmingham expresses contrition for his conduct, and O'Neil suffers him to return to the English Pale;—and the play concludes by the marriage of the Prince of Thomond, and the Princess Kathleen.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHELIM O'NEIL, (Prince of Ulster.)

BIRMINGHAM, (Lord Deputy of Ireland.)

O'BRIEN, (Prince of Thomond.)

BLACK BRIAN, (A Religious Hypocrite.)

TURLOCH MORE, { Feudal Chiefs, holding Fiefs from
O'CAHAN, { Phelim.

O'CONNOLLY, (Warder of Phelim's Castle.)

CORMAC, (His Son.)

CARRYL, (A Falconer.)

GENERAL MAPUS, (Commandant of the English Pale.)

DERMOT, (An Old Minstrel.)

CONNAL, (The Bard of O'Neil.)

LADY KATHLEEN O'NEIL, { The Prince's Daughters.
LADY MINONA O'NEIL, {

MORNA, (Lady Kathleen's Nurse.)

ELLEN.

KATHLEEN O'NEIL;

OR,

A Picture of Feudal Times in Ireland.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

The Parade ground before the fortified Castle of Ardee, several English soldiers are seen on duty, and the Lord Deputy and General Mapus appear as if in deep conference, the former holding despatches in his hand.

Birmingham. Alas! Mapus, this is disastrous news, our whole army almost annihilated at the fatal battle of Bannockburn. Edward's dominion in Scotland, cannot be maintained, and I fear that the Irish will now receive succours from Bruce, to enable them to shake off our authority.

General Mapus. My Lord it behoves us to take every precaution to frustrate the designs of Bruce, and suppress revolt.—I think the majority of the population of Leinster is well affected to the King, but in Ulster and Connaught, we have but few holds, and should Edward Bruce effect a landing either in the North or West, we must inevitably evacuate the country.

Birmingham. I am well aware that we have but few friends in Connaught, and Ulster, and that in case Bruce carries his ambition so far as to invade this country, he will find numerous adherents to join his standard, more especially as he boasts of being descended from the Milesian Kings of Ireland. But, Mapus, though the Irish are fired with their wrongs, and the Scotch flushed with the glories of the accursed field of Bannockburn,

we shall oppose them with a desperation of valour worthy of Britons, and the devoted subjects of a gallant but unfortunate King. Let the insolent victors of Bannockburn come on, and they shall have from us the reception which the descendants of the Norman conquerors, are in the habit of giving their enemies.

General Mapus. My Lord it is true that we are in possession of all the fortresses in Leinster; but if your Lordship by stratagem or treaty, could obtain some posts in Ulster, our power, in this country, would be immovable still—our dominion placed on a rock of invincibility.

Birmingham. To effect that measure General, has been long the desired object of my wishes—but O'Neil is too vigilant to be caught in the toils of stratagem; it is by treaty, alone, we must proceed.—Let me, Mapus, impart a secret to you; I love to enthusiastic devotion, his beautiful daughter the Lady Catharine, to obtain whom, in marriage, would render me the happiest of men.

General Mapus. My Lord, as the representative of England's Monarch, in Ireland, I think that if you make an overture of marriage to O'Neil, he will think himself honoured by the proposed alliance.

Birmingham. I am determined to hazard the trial; if I succeed in getting her hand, I will not only reach the summit of my hopes, but render an inestimable service to my King. Let me be but the son-in-law of the Prince of Ulster, then welcome Edward Bruce, and his followers:—they will come as the victims of our vengeance, whom we will offer as a sacrifice to the manes of our countrymen, who fell on the fatal field of Bannockburn. General, I shall set out immediately on this embassy of love and policy.

General Mapus. My Lord shall I order out a strong guard to accompany you?

Birmingham. No, no, there is no occasion for a guard, that would show distrust. I shall let O'Neil see that I place confidence in his proverbial honour, and thus ren-

der myself worthy of his friendship. Farewell, Mapus, I rely on your caution and vigilance during my absence in Ulster.

General Mapus. I believe that your Lordship has no fears on that score—Go (*taking his hand,*) and may kind fortune accomplish your intentions. [*Exeunt L.H.*]

SCENE II.

A court yard before O'Neil's antique castle, terminated by a terraced rampart, adjoining Lough Neagh,—Music.*

Enter O' Connolly, Cormac, and Attendants, as if from the chase. [R. H.]

O' Connolly. O me! what a long and difficult chase

* LOUGH NEAGH, (which in Irish signifies the healing lake,) is the most extensive sheet of water in Europe, if we except the lakes of Ladoga and Oneaga, in Russia, and that of Geneva in Switzerland,—it being twenty-five miles long, fifteen broad, and eighty in circumference.

The space its watery area occupies, in the counties of Antrim, Tyrone, Down, Armagh, and Londonderry, has been estimated by a late statistical survey, at 100,000 acres. It spreads its ample waves in the centre of Ulster, at the distance of eighty-six Irish miles from Dublin, and receives the tributary streams of seven rivers, the principal of which are, the Bann, the Black Water, Crumlin, Glenavy, and Ballinderry. There are several clusters of islands, all clothed with arbutus, and a variety of young trees, and flowering shrubs, interspersed through this lake of transparent water, which resemble, at a distance, gems of emerald set in crystal.

The shores of Lough Neagh, though not at all possessing the romantic or picturesque attributes of Killarney, or Lake Erne, are yet ornamented with the beautiful and interesting scenery of elegant domains, sylvan isles, and wood-garnished head-lands, that would delight the eye, and rouse the genius of a landscape painter.

Lord O'Neil has embellished several of the islands with all the grace, effect, and attractions, which the genius of landscape gardening can impart to uncultivated nature.

we have had, over moor and mountain? [*He seems exhausted.*]

Cormac. Yes by Jove, father, we have had hot work of it, and the shafts of the Lady Kathleen, seemed directed by the hand of a Diana;—why she has slain more deer to day, than would feed the Augustine monastery of Armagh, at Shrovetide.

O' Connolly. Oh fy!—peace Cormac! speak reverently of sacred things.

Cormac. I hope you call the appetites of forty hungry Friars sacred things indeed! Truly, I fear they may with more propriety be called profane, as they are so carnally set.

O' Connolly. Cormac, Cormac! thy tongue runs before thy wits. Say nothing of the men of God.

Cormac. Better my tongue run away from my wits, than my wits run away from my tongue. I can tell you, father, that these same Friars, can empty a flagon of Burgundy, and devour a haunch of venison, as quick as

After Shane's castle, which stood in all its pillared pride, on the N. E. shore of the lake, was accidentally burned, in 1816, Lord O'Neil, erected for his residence, an elegant sylvan cottage on Ram Island, which is three miles from the village of Crumlin, and two from the shore. Near the cottage is a majestic round tower, that is still noble in spite of the assaults of time, and the decaying influence of ages. Several of the lofty turrets, and embattled towers of Shane's castle, are still standing like Ossian's cloudy spectres, as if sternly frowning over the ruined halls of O'Neil. The cannon which were mounted on the fort by John O'Neil, in 1642, to resist the Parliamentary army, are still in fine order.

When the fire broke out in 1816, which destroyed Shane's castle, the house was full of visitors; but every exertion to arrest the progress of the devouring element proved unavailing.

The eastern coast of the lake is beautified by the domains of Massareene, Glendaragh, Longford, Cherry Valley, Green Mount, and Gartree Point.

other folks. Let them alone sir, for draining glasses, and dissecting joints, ha! ha!

O' Connolly. Truce sirrah! Dare not to speak so irreverently of the sacred clergy, I think you have taken leave of your senses.—Forbear this impiety!

Cormac. I shall say no more, father, but I can assure you that my five senses were near abandoning me this morning—when my horse took flight opposite the hermitage of Black Brian.—I never am lucky any time I meet that dark and austere man.—The cry of the *Banshee* is not half so awful father as his scowl.*

O' Connolly. Black Brian indeed inspires awe,—but the life of this immaculate pilgrim is so virtuous, and sanctified, that his benediction confers happiness.

Cormac. Awe! it goes deeper than awe with me, for it excites the sensation of *dread*. I cannot at all fathom this stern anchorite, there hangs a dark cloud of mystery on the man; which with all my ingenuity, (and thank my stars I have a tolerable stock,) I never have been able to penetrate. Then his dark scowling brow, peeping

* THE BANSHEE, according to popular superstition in Ireland, is a fairy spirit, in the form of an old woman, who is supposed to attend as a kind of good genius, every Milesian family; and the office which it assigns her, is to predict the calamity of death to its members. Her mournful cry, like the dirge of despair, is regarded as the sure signal of the approaching dissolution of the indisposed person, in whose residence the dismal and awful howl is heard.

She generally takes her station near the house of the devoted family, about to be visited by the “grim tyrant,” and there, for three nights before the decease occurs, she mournfully pours out the most dismal wailings of plaintive wo, in the most touching strains, half musical and half moaning, to summon the sick person to his or her fate.

Her song of sorrow, which rings the knell of hope in the heart of the indisposed, is peculiar to Irish modulation, so soft, affecting and pathetic, as to combine plaintive and heart touching melody, with the wildest tones of grief, affliction, and passion.

from under his ample hood, and his sudden appearance when he is least expected, (*looks round fearfully,*) heaven knows but he may be at my elbow now; no, safe for once.

O' Connolly. Hush! Cormac he has a fairy ear—silence,—let us not meddle with the man as it might subject us to danger;—but I do well the time remember, when he first appeared among us, though whence he came, or why, no one could ever learn. I do not think even the Prince is acquainted with his history.

Cormac. One thing, however, is certain, that I have often seen him in the castle, when to obtain entrance, he must have crept through the key hole; he is certainly a necromancer whom I fear.

First Attendant. Why the holy pilgrim could walk at the bottom of the lake without being wetted; the doors would themselves unbar at the approach of so sanctified a man—Oh he is piety itself; his penances are edifying, his fasts the theme and delight of the whole country.

Cormac. A newly invented species of delight truly! and one in which I have no wish to participate, particularly as a principal. Give me fat mutton and Ennishowen whiskey, and I shall never envy the pilgrim his luxury of water cresses, and draughts of limpid springs.—Believe me that fasting is the most grievous privation that a young fellow like me could suffer,—flesh and blood cannot bear it.

First Attendant. But see the reward of his pious abstinence, the fairies and spirits of darkness are subject to his power, and he can foresee what will happen a hundred years hence, as plainly as I see your face.

Cormac. I have no ambition to be acquainted with the spirits of darkness, but I shall go to the buttery and taste some of the gay and enlivening spirit of whiskey, and if that does not inspire me with the gift of prophecy, it will at least kindle the sparks of hilarity and good humour. I am fully satisfied to take things as they come, without wishing to dive into the waters of futurity.

First Attendant. I would not offend that hermit for all the territories of our Prince.

All the Attendants. Nor I, nor I, nor I, &c.

O'Connolly. He is certainly an extraordinary man, who has consecrated his life to religion, and works of charity, so that we should all speak well of him; but ha! who have we here?—

Enter Prince of Thomond, disguised as a harper, he appears exhausted as if from fatigue. [L. H.]

Cormac. Why son of song, you seem to have travelled far, but know that the bards are welcome always to the hall of O'Neil, here hospitality is enlivened by the voice of kindness; but from what part of this fair isle hast thou come, good minstrel?

Thomond. My journey has been long and tedious, though cheered by the kind hospitality that distinguishes our country. From where the majestic Shannon mingles with the Western Ocean have I wandered.—During my progress I have sometimes fared sumptuously in the castle of the chieftain, and pleurably in the cot of the peasant; for the rites of hospitality are as religiously observed in the one as in the other. In each the stranger is received with a warm welcome, and dismissed with a fervent benediction. A few miles hence, I had the misfortune of losing my way, and have been straying amidst your glen and defiles, unable to get forward, until the sound of your hunting horns attracted me hither, to the castle of the chivalric O'Neil.

Cormac. Oh Lord! Father, if this is not the same harper that diverted us all last Michaelmas, with his tales of Fingal and Ossian, and his beautiful songs of the triumphs of Nial the great:—Yes and it was he that saved the Lady Kathleen from being drowned in the boating match to Gartree point.

O'Connolly. I was then absent with our heroic Prince.

Cormac. And the greater was your loss; for his heart moving mirth would chase away the tears from the cheek of a Niobe, he has certainly a charm for turning the

weeping into the laughing philosopher; his jokes stretched my mouth two inches wider, I laughed so much.

Thomond. Report speaks loudly of the Prince's virtues.

Cormac. It does him but justice; Butler and Lacy have felt the force of his arm. His virtues are I grant noble; though now and then a dark cloud of choleric passion passes over his aspect.

O'Connolly. 'Tis his brave and magnanimous spirit, that "ever and anon" breaks forth; but where will you find his equal? In war a lion,—in peace a lamb; his ample board ever spread for the succour of the hungry wanderer, his sword ever drawn but in the defence of the oppressed; his philanthropic bosom, the shrine of truth, and his word sacred as the inviolable oath that angels have registered in the records of heaven!

Cormac. Yes father, we have all pretty good reason to be convinced of that, for if he should once, even by accident, happen to say, "*Cormac you must remove this castle,*" as it would be rather cumbersome for one back load, he would make me carry it stone by stone, till I had lodged it in the bottom of the lake.

O'Connolly. For shame, Cormac, the good and gallant Phelim is firm, but his firmness is not the offspring of capricious obstinacy, it is the result of cureless sorrow; for the loss of his gallant son, who fell in the glorious battle of Dundalk, were the Saxons of the pale were routed, which has thrown a veil of melancholy over his countenance; but where is perfection to be found, if not in Phelim?

Cormac. In my mind, a great deal more likely to be found with the Lady Kathleen, that peerless paragon of beauty and benignity; her amiable goodness is the softened image of her sire; she is in alabaster, what he is in marble, possessing his firmness without his inflexibility,—his noble nature without his overbearing pride;—he is the oak of the forest fitted to resist the wintry tempest; she is the blossom of the peach tree, whose per-

fume breathes upon the vernal breeze and embalms every passing gale. Her sister the Lady Minona is also a sweet charming creature; but then she is so melancholy since young Mc Dermot's death, in the great battle in Scotland, and she sighs so mournfully, and sings so sadly, that she chokes my breath, like the fog from the lake on a misty morning,—oh Kathleen for me.

Thomond. You speak eloquently and warmly on this subject, young man. (*Down ye feelings of a jealous heart, aside.*)

O'Connolly. Minstrel, my son's language is dictated by truth,—she is like a beautiful temple which the image of the deity inhabits.

Thomond. She has, then, doubtless, many suitors?

O'Connolly. She has indeed, and among them potent Princes.

Thomond. And one is favoured by the lady, of course.

O'Connolly. It is said, she prefers Prince Edward Bruce, who is daily expected at the castle, but it becomes not me to speak of my chieftain's daughter.

Cormac. I should be very sorry if it did not become me, for I am as eloquent on the subject as Friar O'Toole, when he preached last lent, against the abomination of golden bodkins and red petticoats; but the truth is, though Lady Kathleen's eyes have set fire to many a warrior's passion, and that the sweet blandishment of her smile has fascinated more noble captives, than her father took in battle from the English of the Pale, her own heart, like the shield of Achilles, is invulnerable, and no hero has yet been so fortunate as to impress it with the seal of love, (*Flourish of Trumpets.*)

O'Connolly. Hark the Prince is coming this way,—peace Cormac, you chatter like a magpie.

Cormac. But you never father, heard so eloquent a magpie before. (*march.*)

(*From castle.*) Enter *Phelim, Kathleen, and Morna, all bow,—Kathleen smiles benignly—Phelim returns the salute with gracious dignity,—Music.—Guards.*

Phelim. So good Warder, how farest thou after the chase?

O' Connolly. Why, well, please your highness;—the chase always cheers my spirits, the sound of the horn animates my old heart, and brings back to my mind the remembrance of the happy days of my youth;—ah! it is pleasant to think of the past; but here, my lord, is a harper, who has just arrived, and who seeks from your highness, the rites of hospitality.

Kathleen. (*Aside.*) Ha! as I live, its the minstrel that saved my life.—Be still my throbbing heart,—what strange, yet pleasing sensations agitate my feelings.

Phelim. They are granted, the hall of O'Neil was ever the refuge of genius; there the voice of song was never silent. Conduct him to the castle Warder, and let him receive all the offices of social kindness, and cordial attention, they are his right for he is a *stranger*.

Kathleen. Oh, sacred, and revered title!

Phelim. Yes, my dear child, it is the sacred title, which heaven has consecrated in the breasts of Irishmen,—the wanderer's best assurance of safety, and protection, but this minstrel has another claim,—the hallowed torch of genius has shed its ethereal light around him; and never, oh never! may the son of song be denied shelter under the banner that is emblazoned with the harp of Erin. (*Harper bows.*)

Enter Carryl. (*L. H.*)

Carryl. I seek your highness:—this moment a messenger from the chief Lord of the English Pale, announces his speedy arrival, his courier says, that he demands audience of you, and of the Lady Kathleen.

Phelim. This visit of the English Lord Deputy is most strange, but let him come. I will receive him as I did his predecessor, De Burgo, with hospitality, pride, and politeness.*

* In 1309, Richard Burke, Earl of Ulster, and then commander-in-chief of the army of Edward II. at the request of Piers Gaveston, the then Lord Deputy of Ireland, waited on Phelim O'Neil, Prince of Ulster, for the purpose of winning him over to the English interest. At the banquet, given in honour of the Earl by O'Neil, "more than 1000 persons all of rank and noble birth," says Flemming, "surrounded the festive table."

Morna. For my part, (*aside*,) I am very glad another great lord is coming, as it will spring up a breeze of cheerfulness, and make some stir in the castle; I always preferred high winds to a dead calm of moping melancholy, surely variety is the life of pleasure. Oh! what feasting and amusement we will have!

Kathleen. Oh my father, I like not even the name of this minion of the tyrannic Edward; report speaks loudly of his despotism and confiscations in Louth, and other parts of Leinster, where the oppressed tremble at the tyrant's nod. I must indeed abhor, even as a guest, the man whose hands have been imbrued in human blood, in the blood of my countrymen.—The laurels he has won are blighted by the widow's curse, and the orphan's tears.

Thomond. (*Aside.*) These are the sentiments of a noble and exalted heart, how lovely does woman look, when she becomes the advocate of virtue and the asserter of the rights of her native land.

Morna. I'm sure that this great English Lord, who has so much power and riches, is a proper match for my lady: Do, dear foster child, give over your proud airs and marry him. (*aside to Kathleen.*)

Phelim. My dear Kathleen, hospitality, ever the proverbial character of the O'Neil, demands that we should cordially receive this English chief. But come, Birmingham will soon be here, let us prepare to give him audience and entertainment. Warder to your care I commit the young bard, let him be your guest, and when leisure may permit, he shall gladden our souls with the soft melodious voice of the Irish harp.

(*Music—Exeunt into the castle.*)

Cormac. (*Aside.*) Now would I give my left hand off my body, for permission to drub, in an *Irish* style, that oppressive Saxon with my right. He comes here on no good intent I'll warrant. But the Prince is a fox that the Saxons never yet found asleep. (*Exit into the castle.*)

SCENE III.

An ancient hall in Phelim's castle; banners, shields, and trophies, hung round on the walls.—Irish music.—Enter Phelim, Kathleen, and Minona; the Prince sits on a chair of state, his daughters seat themselves on either side of it. Thomond, O'Connolly, Cormac, Morna, and Attendants. rangè themselves parallel to the throne, on the right and left,—then enter Birmingham and his escort, to English music. (L. H.)

Birmingham. Hail to the great O'Neil! Prince of Ulster—and hail to his lovely daughter, (*bowing to her,*) the Lady Kathleen, and to her sister the fair Minona, (*They return his salute with a dignified but cold formality*)

Phelim. English chieftain welcome! Welcome to Ulster! Welcome to the castle of O'Neil!

Birmingham. Will not the charming Lady Kathleen repeat her father's welcome? Her smile would be as a sun-beam of joy to my heart.

Morna. Ay sure, (*aside to Lady Kathleen,*) if she were not so modest, really too much modesty is ridiculous, when one wants a husband,—why his compliment has kindled no blush on your cheeks, they are as white as the breast of one of the swans on the lake.

(*Kathleen motions her to be silent.*)

Kathleen. You are my father's guest, my Lord, and therefore, I greet you with welcome.

Morna. My dear child, (*aside to Kathleen,*) if you indulge in these lofty airs, you will never come to an understanding.—Do speak kind and loving to him, and he will marry you in a minute. Oh! how I long to see the Arch Bishop of Armagh, uniting you to this rich Lord. If you don't marry I'll die, without seeing a wedding, my heart will break.—Oh would that you were as willing to wed as I am, and you would not be so nice, and hard to please.

Kathleen. Peace, (*aside to Morna,*) good nurse, no more of this on pain of my displeasure. You presume too far madam.

Birmingham. Then, Lady, it is only because I am your father's guest, that you coldly bid me welcome.

Kathleen. (*With dignity.*) Just so my Lord; with the greetings of duty and politeness, I have joined my father in honouring your reception in his castle.

Birmingham. Your Ladyship is vastly kind, and condescending, in offering me the homage of your *duty* and *politeness*, but I would supplicate a nobler tribute, (*taking her hand,*) this snowy hand, and with it a heart, which I prize more than an imperial crown.

Kathleen. (*Withdrawing her hand,*) Forbear! my Lord, this is a transgression carried beyond the limits of politeness and hospitality.

Phelim. My Lord, hospitality, with us, is a sacred virtue; and when my daughter bade you welcome, she gave you that reception which becomes the daughter of O'NEIL to offer, and the deputy of a Saxon king to receive. To presume farther were ungracious.

Birmingham. Prince, I like not this cold constrained civility. I came here actuated with the desire of forming a matrimonial, and a political alliance with you, but I find that I am the slave of beauty, and that I degrade myself by soliciting the hand of your daughter, whom I cannot help loving, though I have, I perceive, no interest in her heart.

Morna. Oh faith! the Saxon is entirely too saucy, we have a right to better than he. O dear me, we'll have no wedding in the abbey of Crumlin.* Is it not provoking? (*aside.*)

Phelim. No chieftain, no man can be degraded, who by honourable means, solicits the hand of my daughter,

* CRUMLIN is a small, pleasant village, situated on the pastoral banks of a river of the same name, near the eastern margin of Lough Neagh, at the distance of eleven miles from Belfast, on the Antrim road. The town consists of one principal street, in which there are some good houses. The church and the abbey, which were founded by one of the O'Neils, in the ninth century, are now, a mouldering heap of ivy clad ruins.

and I am sorry that we must decline the honour which you intended us.—God forbid that I should impose restraints on my child's inclinations.

Birmingham. Have you considered, Prince, my power, my dignity, my vast domains, both here, and in England?

Phelim. I have, my Lord, and in my consideration they are but mere feathers; when weighed with my daughter's happiness; the honours and dignities, which Edward has heaped upon you, may add the glitter of consequence, to the chieftain, but cannot ennoble the man.

Birmingham. Consider my Lord, what mutual advantages we might derive from this union, it would strengthen your power, and enable you to repel the Scottish invaders, in case they attempt a descent on your shores.

Phelim. I thank you my Lord, but the sword of Phelim, (*grasps the hilt,*) can defend his country, and maintain the power which has been transmitted to him by a long race of royal ancestors; and never shall the happiness of my child be sacrificed to a political alliance.

Morna. Well after all, I don't think much about this English Lord, he is not so pretty a man as Prince Edward Bruce; I believe the Scottish chief, will be my Lady's husband after all, (*aside to Cormac,*) I wish we had a wedding at all events.

Birmingham. (*To Minona,*) Kind Lady, wilt thou plead for me?

Minona. My Lord, I cannot.—Over my sister's affections I have no power,—persuasion cannot impose chains on a woman's heart, or divert the current of its inclinations, which should always emanate from the pure source of love.

Phelim. True, my Minona, love will not be controlled; to be lasting it must spring from the fountain of the heart. (*Minona sighs.*)

Birmingham. But Prince, you have no male issue,—should death deprive her of you, who will then guard

the inheritance of your daughters? (*Minona violently agitated Kathleen supports her.*)

Phelim. (*With emotion,*) English chieftain! thou did'st ill to remind me of my son; yet the remembrance though sad, is not unpleasing.—Oh my child, (*weeps,*)—he died bravely fighting against the invaders,—ay the English invaders, my Lord, of his country;—the tears of that country have bedewed his ashes, the harp has con-signed his name to immortal glory, and his exploits on the sanguinary field of Dundalk, are emblazoned by the historic muse on Erin's annals.* Heaven that devoted him to his country's service, will protect my children.

Minona. (*Bursting into tears,*) O, yes, it will!—and may the virtues of the departed hover round us like guardian seraphs.

Kathleen. My beloved sister! calm thy agitated mind; even for my sake be tranquil. Let thy spirits float on the bright emanation of fortitude.

Minona. For thee, (*aside to Kathleen, embracing her.*) my Kathleen! I could lay down my life; to promote your happiness is the goal of my wishes; but as to this wretched heart it shall never be illuminated, with a beam of joy,—its hopes are buried in Dermot's tomb,—it cannot have another spring of felicity.

* DUNDALK, the capital of the county of Louth, is a large and opulent sea port town, situated in a recess of the most spacious bay on the north-east coast of Ireland, at the distance of forty-one Irish miles from Dublin. It is a very commercial town, and its exports and imports are extensive. It contains several wide and finely built streets, and contains a population of 12,000 souls. There are some superb public buildings here; particularly the court house, barracks, church, infirmary, and market house. It has been the scene of great and memorable events of which we will give an account in our HISTORY OF IRELAND.

Phelim O'Neil's son, was killed here in 1290, while victoriously pursuing the shattered English army, under Sir William Vesey, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland.

Birmingham. Will not the lovely Kathleen herself, declare her sentiments?

Kathleen. My Lord, the sentiments of my father are mine: deem me not ungrateful for your preference; respect for my father, who deigned to answer for me, has hitherto sealed my lips: but since you appeal to me, I must frankly tell you, that his will is mine.

Birmingham. So haughty too! Proud girl! Were you sole Princess of Ireland, you could not assume more supercilious arrogance; but you carry your pride too loftily.—You may repent ere long;—and your country too, may have cause to deplore your conduct.

Morna. Not too lofty, overbearing Lord, for the royal race she springs from, and were it not for treason, she would be by blood-right the royal Princess of this green isle.—Know that Saxon Lord and blush. (*she walks about in a great passion.*)

Kathleen. What! Edward's deputy! do you presume to threaten me,—am I denied the common privilege of my sex—the right of refusing him I cannot love? Know then proud Lord, what courtesy would have concealed,—that I would not, to be Empress of the world, accept your hand;—no! though instant death awaited my rejection of it! As to my country, my dear, but oppressed Erin! could the immolation of my life on the sacred altar of patriotism bring her back liberty and independence, I should go, like Iphigenia, exulting to the sacrifice. My heart is warmed by the blood of the heroic brave, and were I to refuse to offer the last drop of that blood at the shrine of Irish freedom, I would prove myself a degenerate daughter of illustrious ancestors.

Birmingham. (*With a sarcastic smile.*) What a Milesian spirit animates the soul of the gentle Lady Kathleen! Why Lady you will become the Iberian Zenobia of Erin.

Kathleen. Chieftain, (*with conscious dignity,*) know that I am the daughter of O'NEIL, the son of a host of Milesian kings! Your irony is ungracious and unbecoming sir!

Phelim. And nobly worthy of thy chivalric sires; my Lord, your words are insolent, you must desist, or else, (*laying his hand on his sword.*)

Birmingham. Prince I will not, I do not comprehend this romantic folly, which you call delicacy; born in the camp amidst the storms of battle, my nature is too well accustomed to the tempest, to dread the momentary whirlwind of a girl's puerile petulance.

Morna. I would I were a man,—oh, for Fingal's arm—to teach you manners; this is not the way you rude Saxon, our Irish ladies are spoken to by their suitors.—Remember you are in the company of your betters.

Birmingham. (*Contemptuously.*) I parley not with thee, old noisy witch.

Phelim. Lord Birmingham, you are my guest,* or you should learn to dread a provoked father's sword; but none, who have so grossly insulted my child, can remain under my roof:—depart in peace—your progress to the next of your fortresses shall not be interrupted; go

* The rites of HOSPITALITY amongst the Irish, in all ages, were deemed sacred. The Brehon laws ordained, that any one who insulted, or betrayed his guest, should be declared infamous.

It was considered the most disgraceful and dishonourable crime, for the host or the guest, to give any information to an enemy of one another. The mutual participation of the feast was by them deemed as the inviolable pledge of friendship, safe sanctuary, and honour. To exemplify this by a historical instance, we will narrate an event that occurred in the eleventh century. A difference having then occurred at Donnegal, between the O'Donnel's and the Maguire's of Fermenagh, which they resolved to decide by the sword. Some of the followers of O'Donnel, disguised as spies, procured admission into Maguire's camp, and were invited by the guards to share their supper, which they courteously refused; for, were they to accept such an invitation, they would have formed a friendship with their enemy, which in honour, they could not violate by conveying any intelligence of Maguire's force and position to their chieftain.

hence, and when next you assume the character of a wooer, remember, that the heart of a high born female, is a prize which must be sued for, not demanded.

Birmingham. Proud haughty man! yes, I will go, but remember the army I have at my back, and that none ever yet offended me with impunity.—Remember too, that a noble heart spurned, has but one path to follow—vengeance.—My next visit shall be a *visitation*. (*Exit with train. L. H.*)

Minona. Thank heaven the insolent and boisterous chief is gone.

Morna. Amen! what an impudent bully he is, and he had the cruelty to call me old, (*looks in the glass,*) I think the roses and lillies of my cheeks are as fresh and blooming as ever—Old indeed! the surly English dog, why should he say so? (*aside.*)

Kathleen. My dear father, I tremble! wounded pride and female delicacy supported me while in his presence, that stimulus withdrawn, I sink into all the timidity of my sex. Perhaps I was too lofty in my answers.—Oh! if my foolish pride should involve my father in danger and difficulty!

Phelim. Despise his threats—dispel your fears;—this arm and the devotion of my people, will guard us from his attacks.

Morna. Despise them, Lady!—ay from the bottom of your soul,—hate the rough bear, who never has a word of flattery for the ear of a woman.—By my faith, if he always makes love in this fashion, I would rather be married to a fusty old bachelor, of half a hundred, than to such a roaring, blustering sea-horse. The wretch to tell a woman of sweet twenty-five, that she was old! (*struts with an air of gaiety over the stage.*) [*Exit.*]

Phelim. Be still my child; thou didst acquit thyself as became the daughter of kings.—Insulting man! had he dared to breathe such language in any place but this—I would have written with my sword, his confusion on his heart! but calm this agitation, and banish the recollection of this turbulent chieftain. Let the stranger

minstrel approach, and strike the melodious strings of the harp to that most patriotic and enlivening air, *Patrick's day*; and do thou my Kathleen, let the light of the smiles of serenity brighten your countenance, like the sun beam smoothing the surface of the lake when the storm is departed.

Enter Harper, (L. H.) music, Patrick's day; he views Lady Kathleen with a look of interest and respect.

Enter Carryl. (L. H.)

Carryl. My Lord, a stranger demands admittance to your presence.

Kathleen. Oh, my father! 'tis an Emissary of that tyrant Birmingham, that claims audience!

Phelim. My child, be not thus alarmed; none dare approach this castle with hostile intentions; besides our guards, and honest vassals surround us, so that no danger can be apprehended.—Carryl conduct the stranger to my presence. But my children retire, lest any new surprise should overwhelm your exhausted spirits.

Kathleen. We go; but may heaven protect our father!
[*Exeunt Kathleen and Minona.*]

Enter O'Cahan. (L. H.)

O'Cahan, (Kneeling.) Prince,—Superior Lord,—I come to demand your justice, to claim your protection, and to crave redress for my wrongs.*

* The O'NEILS, for ages, claimed tribute and military service, as their tanists or vassals, from the Septs of Magennis, Maguire, O'Reilly, O'Hanlon, Mc Cartan, Dunlevy, Mc Kenna, Mac Donnel O'Cahan, and Mac Briens. When the celebrated hero John O'Neil, in 1562, repaired as an independent Prince, to the court of Queen Elizabeth, in pursuance of a treaty with the Lord Deputy Sussex, he was attended by a strong guard of these tributary chieftains, whom he styled "*Gallow Glasses.*" Their dress and arms were so gorgeous and brilliant, that crowds of the citizens of London followed

Phelim. Rise O'Cahan, and declare your errand? Who has wronged thee? speak.

O'Cahan. My Lord, it is known to you, that I distinguished myself, under your banner, in several martial conflicts. Arms have been my profession from my boyish days; but on my return lately, from the camp, I found the house of my fathers in ashes, my brother murdered, and his possessions bestowed upon another!!! (*He pauses from excessive emotion.*)

Phelim. Why did you not O'Cahan, invoke the aid of Turloch More, your immediate Lord.

O'Cahan. Ah! my Lord, shall the dove seek redress from the hawk? shall the lamb fly to the ravenous wolf for protection.—He it is who has thus devastated, what, as a vassal Lord subject to you, he should have shielded with his life.

Phelim. Could Turloch More act thus cruelly, and oppressively?

O'Cahan. Even so, my Lord, I call angels to witness that I declare the truth.

Phelim. Then, thou shalt have vengeance! Soon shall retributive justice punish his crimes, and if he do not surrender his castle on my first summons, I swear, by the soul of Nial the Great! I shall wrap it in flames—and drive him from Ulster as an outcast!

O'Cahan. My Prince, even now he shelters himself beneath the roof of his infant nephew's castle, at Randalstown, a few miles hence; in half an hour your highness can reach it.*

them as they marched to and from the Queen's palace. The colossal stature of O'Neil, his rich trappings, splendid armour, as well as the beauty of his magnificently caparisoned war horse, which was as white as snow, astonished the English nobility.

* RANDALSTOWN, is a neat and prosperous village situated on the Floral banks of the river Maine, at the distance of twenty-one miles from Belfast, and two eastward of Shane's

Phelim. On then, and ere the sun sinks in his couch of clouds, this sword shall expel the oppressor, and restore thy fortunes.—Carryl order out my war horse instantly.

Carryl. Yes, please your highness. (*Exit Carryl.*)
Black Brian, who has glided unperceived, into the hall during the foregoing conference, suddenly throwing off his hood, and rushing forward.—Music.

All. The Hermit, Black Brian!!!

Black Brian. Princely chieftain, beware! dearly wilt thou rue the act thou dost meditate: even now (*peals of thunder heard,*) the thunders of heaven have begun to roll—the dark cloud bursts upon thy head—the lightnings shall strike thee to the ground; lo! thy hand is bathed in blood—thy fate is fixed, if you go forth, all that awaits thee I have seen in a prophetic vision. Prince the sword is uplifted to smite thee,—desist! desist! dare not the wrath of heaven!

During this exhortation, the countenance of the attendants express the various passions of fear, horror, and surprise—the Prince alone steadily gazes on his hand, still uplifted with his sword, as if anxious to examine, whether it were really bleeding.

Enter Carryl. (R. H.)

Carryl. My Lord your stately war horse is ready ca-

castle. The picturesque banks of Lough Neagh, and the sylvan scenery of Massarene, Muckamore abbey, Shane's castle, and the long reach of Mr. Chainé's bleach greens, impart landscape attractions, and scenic interest to Randalstown that few towns in the county of Antrim can boast of.

Before the Union, this town was a borough, in the patronage of Lord O'Neil, which had the privilege of returning two members to Parliament. The Protestant church, Presbyterian meeting-house, barracks, and market house, are respectable buildings. There is a fine linen market held the first Wednesday of every month, in Randalstown. Here the finest shirting that is exported to London is sold. The county Antrim women can spin thread to the fineness and tenuity of the silken hairs of the Gossamer.

parisoned, and he is so mettlesome that two grooms can scarcely hold him.

Phelim. And Brian, if I should fall, will it not be glorious even to fall in the cause of suffering innocence, like many of my gallant ancestors, under the banner of justice and liberty. Retire, Brian to your cell, and pray for my success; but never for a moment, suppose that a warrior has that wavering benighted mind, which would deter him in consequence of thy idle nursery tale of superstition, from performing an act of virtue—the chastisement of oppression.

Black Brian. Chieftain, beware! thou art but a mortal; I again warn thee: slight not I conjure thee, the advice of him who is permitted to look into the mirror of futurity.—Heaven vouchsafes protection to thee, and do not be so impious as to spurn it. If thou dost thy fate is death!

Phelim. Heaven never yet declared against the unfortunate:—to succour him that the strong hand of despotism would crush, is the commission heaven delegates to its chosen ministers, and never did a purer offering grace its altar, than when the patriotic heart bleeds in defence of the liberties of our country, and of the rights of humanity. Away Brian! tell thy puerile tales to the babes of the nursery, and foolish old women, they pain the warriors ear and disgust his mind. Soon shall I punish Turloch, and make him feel the power of his chief Prince.—My brave followers are ready,—I go where honour and justice call upon me to attend.

[*Flourish of music, all exit (except Black Brian.) R. H.*

Black Brian. (*After a pause.*) If he depart, I am lost! my plans not yet matured, my schemes not concerted with my accomplices; for execution in the bud destroyed, must die away like the snow drop, whose stem is broken in the hail storm.—Undaunted Phelim's mind is strong, illuminated, and powerful; nor heeds he aught which could subdue a less exalted soul;—the night mare of superstition can never press his daring courage, nor conjure up a phantom to shake his resolution.—But I

will after him—some fortunate chance may fall to speed me onward, in my destined course. *[Exit R. H.]*

Enter soldiers and vassals, armed with spears, a standard bearer carrying Phelim's ensign, a green banner, on which the Irish harp is emblazoned.

First Vassal. This is a sudden march—my poor wife I have left in labour with her twelfth child, ah! Patrick, I fear that coming little innocent will never see its poor father. But honour and duty call me to arms.

Second Vassal. My case is as bad as yours, I was only married last week, and I am forced by the Prince to leave my youthful bride, ere I have partaken of half the good cheer and whiskey left after my wedding,—oh! my dear Judy, I would much rather have remained at home, to enjoy thy love, and my comfortable fire side.

First Vassal. No matter what you would rather do; in this case duty supersedes inclination, and deprives you of the power of free will, so that you must do your duty, as the Prince is not to be trifled with. But the trumpet calls us—let us march to death or glory.

[Music, grand march.]

Noise without, (a flourish,) Re-enter Phelim and Attendants, the Ladies Kathleen, Minona, and Morna, (L.H.) the countenances of the ladies express terror and alarm.

Kathleen. My father, oh! my dearest parent! are you hurt,—what has happened?

Phelim. No my children, it was but a trifling accident.

O'Connolly. I never saw that noble steed plunge before, and many a hot and terrible field he has borne your highness through.

Phelim. Yes, O'Connolly, he has been long my faithful servant; for which cause, one fault shall not efface from my mind the remembrance of his past fidelity.

Morna. By the mother of Saint Patrick! he made such a plunge, that he almost kicked my brains out.

Cormac. By the ghost of Ossian! (*aside*) he had some

merit in being so near opening a mine of which we never heard of before—for she has no more brains than a beetle. (*Black Brian suddenly appears from behind.*)

Black Brian. Prince art thou now convinced of thy ungovernable rashness; of thy stubborn incredulity?

Phelim. Is it because, Brian, that my horse flung up his heels, that I should give implicit credence to thy superstitious vagaries; I'll hear no more of them. Forbear the obtrusion of such ridiculous nonsense! O'Connolly have my steed led out again. [*Exit O'Connolly.*]

Black Brian. Prince, thy reasonings are useless and futile—Heaven has manifestly declared against thy purpose: again I warn thee to dread its avenging power!

Phelim. Brian, I dread nothing, but the failing in my duty—Heaven, that planted me here, as a majestic oak upon the mountain, bade me shelter the plants that grew beneath my shade; shall I then expose them to the withering blast of the desert? Power and station were never delegated to man, but for the general good; and it is only to preserve the laws of freedom, and social order, that one man is made greater than another, I will now proceed.

Minona. Sublime moralist! how like the honied dew is the soft flow of thy eloquence!

Morna. He's very sublime to be sure, but it's just as good to sleep in a whole skin; your heroes' bones are as brittle as other people's, and I never heard that glory was of any use, in stopping blood.

Black Brian. Will not even the entreaties of the Lady Kathleen avail?

Kathleen. Brian, they will not be exerted on this occasion; my father's life is dear to me—heaven knows how dear! but even his life is less precious to me than his honour, that virtue which was always the guiding star of his life; shall then my weakness enfeeble his strength; am I so poor in the pride of an O'Neil, as to sully that fame which sheds its lustre even on me? never!—my heart, I know shall bleed at every pore until the moment of his return, but at least I will evince the heroic virtue that becomes his daughter.

Thomond. Exalted woman! (*aside,*) your soul is the throne of magnanimity.

Phelim. Thou dear and precious treasure! (*embracing her,*) possessing thee, how poor does every object seem! O'Connolly, to you and Cormac, I commit the care of these sacred (*taking Minona's hand,*) deposits: Carryl too, shall remain with you, and from your fidelity and care, I expect every thing,—O'Cahan, come—come that I may fulfil my promise—that I may verify that word which never yet, was broken.—Farewell my children!

[*Flourish, exit with O' Cahan.*]

[*As the Ladies are retiring pensively to the back of the stage Cormac approaches.*]

Cormac. (*Bowing respectfully.*) Ladies, now that the chieftain is gone to a new triumph, will you permit the minstrel to exert his skill—the gay strains of his harp will chase away your grief, and divert your thoughts?

Kathleen. He may approach Cormac, but let him not attempt a lively strain, as our minds, (*taking Minona's hand,*) would now rather luxuriate in the “joy of grief,” than in the music of mirth;—lively airs are not consonant to the present sad state of our feelings.

Minona. Oh sister! you know our father always comes home victorious from battle,—then let us not restrict the genius of the bard—let it soar through its own native ether, bold as the towering eagle when he wings his flight from the peaks of the Donard mountain,* and challenges the noon-tide sun.

[*Cormac places chairs, which Kathleen and Minona occupy.*]

* ST. DONARD'S MOUNTAIN, so called from Donard, a disciple of St. Patrick, having built on its summit a chapel and oratory, in the fifth century. This mountain, which towers to the elevation of 3150 feet above the level of the sea, appears like the conical spire of the whole range of the Mourne moun-

Thomond. (*Coming forward.*) Ladies, I wait the moment of inspiration—I wait to catch the voices of celestial spirits, as they float around upon the trembling air; (*sings himself.*) oh! now for the inspiration, and the magic fingers of an Ossian, to awaken enchanting melody to charm her! (*aside.*) [*Sings to his harp, Irish music.*]

Kathleen. (*Aside.*) Surely love breathes in his notes of transport, what magic does this unknown bard possess;—oh! I could listen, until my raptured soul had breathed away her senses. There is a spell in his affecting strain. I thank thee (*aloud.*) minstrel! thou hast indeed calmed my spirits:—I will now retire, that I may pray for the safety of my father, for devotion alone, can sooth the acute sorrow of a daughter, for the absence of her only parent. Even the charms of music cannot dispel these clouds of anxiety that hang upon my mind. Oh! why has this harper such prepossessing attractions; why has he excited a new and strange passion in my bosom? but alas! he is of plebian blood—that must suppress every tender feeling which he has awakened.

(*aside*)

Minona. (*Sighing.*) I too will seek my chamber, for this plaintive strain has touched the sensibility of my

tains, in the county of Down. Mr. Hardy, the author of the book entitled the “Northern Tourist,” says, “Slieve Donard, is indisputably the highest of the whole ridge of mountains which extends from Rostrevor to New Castle, (a distance of 20 miles,) viewed from which last place, an eminence on the side of it interrupts the sight of its top: but it appears like a huge cone, and a vast buttress to all the rest, from the adjacent parts.

On the summit are two rude edifices, one a huge heap of stones, piled up in a pyramidical figure, in which are formed several cavities; in these the devotees sheltered themselves in bad weather, while they heard mass; and in the centre of this heap is a cave, formed by broad flat stones, so disposed as to support each other without cement.” New Castle, standing on a cape, extending in a westerly direction into St. George’s channel, is seventy-five miles N. E. from Dublin.

soul, and roused emotions and endearing associations in my agonized mind, of a sadly pleasing remembrance!

Kathleen. Come with me my dear sister. Surely you will not conceal the cause of your anguish from me?

[*They retire apart.*]

Minona. No dearest Kathleen, but my sorrows would be too heavy a burden on your sympathy—Oh! could I but reveal!

Kathleen. What sweet Minona?

Minona. Nothing, kind sister!

Kathleen. Something, my beloved sister! preys upon your feelings, and depresses your spirits.—Will you not let me participate in your affliction, that I may affectionately endeavour to alleviate and sooth it?

Minona. Question me no more, kind Kathleen! were I permitted to break the inviolable seal, and unfold to you the envelope in which the secrets of my heart are recorded, thou only shouldst partake of them; but silence has inurned them in this care-worn breast.—Let us away sister.

[*Exeunt L. H.*]

Thomond. What a soul does this Lady Kathleen possess! no wonder she has so many suitors, (*sighs,*) the happy man that is destined to be her husband, will enjoy supreme happiness indeed.

Cormac. Bless my heart, when did you find that out? her beauty, affability, and grace are like sunshine, visible to every one that has eyes. She bestowed a very gracious smile upon you, harper, of which favour a Prince might well be proud.

Thomond. I was afraid to look at her Cormac,—but you jest, she did not smile.

Cormac. I have told the truth,—I have served her father since her birth, a period of sixteen years, and she never gave me so kind a glance I assure you.

Thomond. Lovely woman! how I adore her, (*aside.*) Ah! Cormac, I was unconscious of her smiles, as my eyes were not gladdened by the blue ray of her glance, (*aside,*) I must retire for on this subject I cannot trust myself. Farewell Cormac.

[*Exit*]

Enter O'Connolly, with keys.

O'Connolly. Now since the chieftain has confided to us the care of his castle, let us be attentive to our trust. Let us see that all is safe in watch and ward.—Go Cormac, and see if the sentinels are on their posts, and cause the portcullis to be let down. (*Exit Cor: O' C. calling at the door.*) Carryl do you examine if all is safe in the interior of the castle—while I shall take a peep over the battlements, lest any stragglers should be abroad. Patrick O'Connolly is too knowing a warder to be taken by surprise, either by the devil or the necromancies of Black Brian—but bless me! its dangerous even to mention his name. [*Exit.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A Forest near the castle of O'Neil, the turrets of which are seen through a vista.—Enter Birmingham and followers. (L. H.)

Birmingham. What, I the vicegerent of Ireland! spurned, rejected, become the scorn of a woman! I that won such honour, and renown in France, Wales, and Scotland, under the first Edward, to be thought unworthy of the alliance of a petty Irish Prince! tortures and death what are you to my feelings? why did my usual fortitude forsake me?—I ought to have continued at the castle,—I should have dared O'Neil to a single combat, and then the lovely Kathleen had been my prize. Curse on my coward flight!

Follower. You did not fly my Lord, it was only a retreat; and that is what Edward our sovereign, himself, has been compelled by the fierce Scots to do: but what does your Lordship now purpose?

Birmingham. Here will I lurk, amidst these winding glens: she cannot still remain secluded in the castle, let her once step beyond its precincts, and love, bliss, rapture—and dearer than all, revenge, will then be mine!

[Exeunt R. H.]

Enter Black Brian, in a musing mood. (R. H.)

Black Brian. The die is cast,—my fate hastens to a crisis; I must abide the chance, and stand, or fall with the catastrophe of my plot.—Turloch is brave, nay rash; he will fight valiantly. *(re-enter Birmingham, stops on perceiving Black Brian.)* But can I pardon Phelim's insults past? Three days imprisonment in dungeons drear; his daughter too, the sole impediment. *(Pause.)* I was not always thus; there was a time when I could feel

compassion and regret, and the impulse of honour; but now, (*Birmingham comes forward, and Black Brian turns suddenly around.*) What would'st thou, stranger? Whom do you seek?

Birmingham. Just such a man as thou art.

Black Brian. Stranger, thou know'st me not, whence this presuming familiarity? You speak sir with as much freedom as if we were old acquaintances.

Birmingham. Good hermit, I have heard enough to convince me that O'NEIL has injured, nay worse, insulted you, and that you have cause to be discontented both with him and his daughter. I too, cherish a just resentment against the proud Prince, and I have been slighted by his supercilious daughter, therefore, our wrongs should unite us in sympathy, so as to devise means to avenge them.—Assist me in carrying off the Lady Kathleen and name your reward.

Black Brian. The Prince indeed ere his departure—

Birmingham. Departure! sayest thou? Is Phelim absent?

Black Brian. Yes, he is gone to chastise one of his vassal Lords, who resides some miles hence.

Birmingham. At length fortune thou art about to be propitious; thou, kind divinity! hast opened a pathway to revenge. This, then good pilgrim, is the decisive moment in which I and my brave followers, will storm the castle, and bear away the beautiful, weeping victim to the English pale.

Black Brian. (*Contemptuously.*) Storm the castle indeed! man how thou talkest! as well might thou attempt to bear away the huge pillars of the Giant's Causeway, as the Lady Kathleen, and as to force the castle, now guarded by chosen followers, it defies thy power, backed by all the English of the pale.

Birmingham. Ah! pilgrim, you have crushed my rising hopes—what then is to be done?—Speak to me my friend, I am the English Lord Deputy, and honours and emoluments are in my gift, assist me and I shall reward

thee to thy utmost wishes. Should the Lady Kathleen walk this way cannot we seize her?

Black Brian. But she will not walk this way, she or her sister, seldom leaves the castle when their father is absent.

Birmingham. Death and confusion, why do you thus thwart and torture me! How then shall we proceed?

Black Brian. That, I alone can tell.—

Birmingham. Tell it then my friend, and I will bestow upon you the Lordship of Carlingford,* and obtain from King Edward a patent of nobility for you.

Black Brian. Titles and possessions, sir, are in my estimation but secondary objects,—revenge is the darling and ruling passion of my heart; to satiate that is the goal of my hopes—the summit of my wishes; and here let me impart to you the means of attaining it:—There is a

* CARLINGFORD, once a place of note and of feudal and ecclesiastical architecture, is situated near the foot of a lofty and extensive range of mountains, on the south east side of a spacious bay in the county of Louth. This town being stationed on the north east frontier of the English pale, King John, during his residence in Ireland, deeming it a pass of importance, caused it to be fortified with castles, walls, and towers. In the fourteenth century, the entire domestic buildings of the village, presented a collection of small castles. All its fortresses were demolished by Lord Inchiquin, in 1649. The town is now only inhabited by a few fisherman, and is hastening rapidly to decay. The ruins of King John's castle still remain standing on a solid rock, whose sides are laved by the sea. The walls of this castle were eleven feet thick. The remains of the magnificent abbey, founded by Burke, Earl of Ulster, in 1305, are majestic and picturesque, exhibiting fine relics of architecture and sculpture. This place is famous for producing, in vast profusion, the finest and most deliciously flavoured oysters in Ireland. Immense quantities of them are annually consumed in London and Dublin. Carlingford, which is distant fifty-three miles from Dublin, formerly gave the title of Earl to the Taaffe family. In 1738, the Carpenter family were invested with that title.

secret entrance to the castle, unknown to all except myself; through this I will conduct you to the apartment of Lady Kathleen:—But we must be prompt, on our way we will talk further on a noble enterprise that engrosses my whole mind and feelings.

Birmingham. Thank you, a thousand times, (*shaking his hand,*) shall I bring my followers in with us?

Black Brian. Yes, certainly, in case of surprise they will be necessary.—We must proceed with silence and caution, as old O'Connolly, the Warder, is as sleepless and watchful, as the dragon that guarded the Hesperian fruit.

[*Exeunt R. H. with followers.*]

SCENE II.

The Warder's room in the tower over the grand portal of the castle,—a large grated door appears in the back ground—Cormac with his head resting on a table, sleeping.—Enter O'Connolly, (L. H.) carrying a torch in one hand, and a bunch of keys in the other.

O'Connolly. (*Laying the keys on the table and tapping Cormac's shoulder.*) Holla! Cormac! Why if this is the way you keep watch and ward, an enemy might scale the walls, and sack the castle unknown to you, for shame man, arouse! and go out and breathe the fresh air on the parapet.

Cormac. (*Yawning.*) Oh father! you dissolved the illusions of the most delightful dream imaginable.

O'Connolly. I suppose Ellen Flynn, for whom, I hear you have a hankering, was the heroine of your vision.

Cormac. In truth she was, father, and I will not disguise from you my affection for her.

O'Connolly. Ellen Flynn is a good girl.

Cormac. And is she not a pretty girl father?

O'Connolly. Why yes; but remember my son, that virtue is the pure diamond,—beauty is only the setting of it.

Cormac. Well I must own, it sets off virtue wonderfully, a fine speech, is always finer from rosy lips; and

even the open and bountiful hand of charity is improved by being white.

O' Connolly. The eye of compassion is always brilliant, nor does age wrinkle the cheek that is flushed with the expression of benevolence.

Cormac. Faith father, I believe you are right; and to prove that I think you have spoken like a sage, if you will give your consent, I will marry Ellen; and we shall live, I hope to admire each other's wrinkles, and make mutual love verses on our grey hairs.

O' Connolly. Thou hast it boy: Ellen makes a dutiful and amiable daughter, and therefore, will make a good wife. But have you spoken to the maiden?

Cormac. Why father, I have not yet popped the question, but I think she has read my thoughts in my eyes, as love generally looks into them, for the index of the heart. I have slyly hinted to her what happiness is to be enjoyed in a cottage, when lovers like the happy Arcadians of whom we read such fine things, exchange endearments in bowers of woodbine, and honey suckle, while birds sing, and sporting lambs gambol, and she seemed pleased with the picture, sir.

O' Connolly. Well, my boy, speak to her as soon as you will, and I am ready to give you my blessing, and the means of securing love in a cottage, by preventing the intrusion of poverty.—But the day will soon dawn, I will go and see that all is safe in the castle.

[*Exit O' Connolly, L. H.*]

Cormac. (*Alone.*) Well the old boy consented more readily than I expected:—these old folks are generally for reckoning up the flocks, and herds, and the—oh plague take them! Gold never shone with the brightness of Ellen's eyes; and her witching smile is to me as the dowry of a Princess!

SONG.

Composed by the late Miss Balfour.

Air.—“*Hey dance to the Fiddle and Tabor.*”

Dear Ellen! what gold or what treasure,
To me could such moments of rapture convey
As do thy smiles, when enlivened by pleasure,
At eve by the brook, in the valley we stray.

White is her neck, as the lilly fresh blowing,
And dark are the ringlets that wave on her breast
Lovely her cheeks as the rose newly glowing,
When blushing she hears while I breathe the
soft vow.

Chorus.—Dear Ellen, &c.

As he is going out, Enter Ellen, R. H.

Cormac. Dear Ellen! you are up before the lark; I was just going to seek you.

Ellen. Well then, now that you have found me you have your errand:—here have been rare doings. I am glad, however, that you are not one of the party the Prince has taken with him to the wars.

Cormac. Oh, my dear, my services are only suspended, not dispensed with; I am to have the command of the detachment that is to march, in reserve, a kind of forlorn hope, or so.

Ellen. Why I heard your father and you were left in charge of the castle.

Cormac. Why my father, to be sure, who is too old for active services, and only fit for the command of a fortress like this; but for me, who am the bravest, the most enterprising follower the gallant Prince has, how do you suppose he could proceed without me? (*struts about with an air of consequence.*) The Prince remembers my deeds at Dundalk.

Ellen. Your pretension is ridiculous, if your size were equal to your vanity, you would be, at least, as tall as the old Irish champion, Cucullin.

Cormac. Oh! spirit, and bravery do not depend on size, Ellen; some very great conquerors have been mere pigmies in stature, but giants in soul; fellows that never would have been visible, were it not for the noise and mischief which they made in the world.

Ellen. You'll never be one of them, I predict, for the bramble cannot become the stately oak. Do you remember the evening that Carryl tripped up your heels at a foot ball, and how much I laughed to see age vanquish youthful conceit. Now when I think of the awkward figure you cut, I cannot help laughing, ha! ha! ha!

Cormac. Egad you did, you were vastly agreeable that night, for you endeavoured to expose me to the ridicule and laughter of the whole company.

Ellen. Dear Cormac, if you had only seen the sumerset you made, and how the lead in your pate overbalanced the feathers in your heels.—By the bye, these same light heels may be of some use to you, should the Prince be defeated. (*smiling.*)

Cormac. The Prince defeated!—Pshaw that's impossible; as well might his enemies expect to invert yonder mountain as to vanquish him that commands the hearts as well as the swords of his followers:—and as to an Irishman deserting the glorious standard of the red-branch heroes, or flying before the foe in battle, damn me but you might as well think he would refrain from kissing a pretty girl in the dark. (*Kisses her.*)

Ellen. This is taking more liberty than you are welcome to master Cormac! I wonder sir, how you could presume to—

Cormac. Love you; why if the Prince deemed that high treason, I fear I should be tried and executed as a rebel. But don't get into a pet or toss your head so proudly, as I can tell you as little as you think of me that there are fine ladies in competition for my choice; there are rivals in the case, Ellen.

Ellen. (Agitated.) Rivals! rivals—dear Cormac, in whom?

Cormac. Why cannot you guess one?

Ellen. No faith; for I flatter myself, (*surveying her person,*) I have charms, or perhaps, it is no flattery as so many young men join in the same story; but be that as it may, surely it cannot be Rosa, for she is only formidable when she scolds; it is not red Bridget, for she will never be guilty of stealing a heart. I really know of no one that can supplant me; but it is not worth while to trouble myself, about your fair ones.

Cormac. What think you of Morna, is she not a very engaging little widow, fresh, fair, and blooming?

Ellen. Morna! oh lord! in love with the old rheumatic nurse! oh no, no, no,—be as vain as you please of my preference, but never imagine that the old lady has taken a fancy to you.

Cormac. Let me tell you, I am not such an insignificant conquest.

Ellen. Why to be sure they say love is blind; but I expect the good old sibyl does not owe the loss of sight to that cause solely; I question whether she could distinguish even with spectacles, between a peach and a potatoe, unless she tasted them.

Cormac. She has distinguished me however, and that is a convincing proof of her keen discernment.

Ellen. I am glad you told me for the girl's sake; and I shall quiz the grey haired fairy witch until she shan't know whether to laugh or to cry; but as to you master Cormac, I shall teach you for annoying me with tales of your venerable sweet heart, (*pouting,*) but you are not worth my regards—I hate you, (*he attempts to take her hand,*) away to your withered nurse! never speak to me more; for, to punish you, I will marry the old bard, and then, he may amuse the castle with a pathetic tale of poor Cormac, who hanged himself for the love of faithless Ellen Flynn!

Cormac. Dear Ellen, a truce, you know that you alone reign in my heart.

Ellen. Yes, and afterwards you may come as a ghost you know, to my bed side, to upbraid the faithless Ellen.

Cormac. Ellen say what you will, nothing but the happiness of possessing you, would make life worth enjoying.

Ellen. Then I forgive you this time, but never provoke me again with the list of my rivals—why compare your faded old matrons to me? But Morna is coming this way, and she must not see us.

Cormac. Believe me, Ellen. I was in jest, but let us thus make a treaty of peace. (*Kisses her.*)

[*Exeunt singing a duett, R. H.*]

SCENE III.

An apartment in the castle,—Kathleen discovered in fervent devotion—Morna waiting;—then rises and comes forward—music soft.

Kathleen. This sacred act of devotion has tranquilized my soul; I rest in calm serenity, and something tells me that my father will return in triumph; and that happiness will once more glow in the hearts, and beam on the faces of his children. But this minstrel, why do I so often think of him.—Why is his image enshrined in my thoughts? (*aside.*) Whence think you, good nurse, (*aloud.*) comes this harper? he does not appear to be a youth of vulgar birth. Oh! (*aside,*) would that Edward Bruce, wore a form like his, so manly, and winning, or had his amiable and insinuating manners! Yet I must banish every thought of him, and only dwell upon my father's safety.

Morna. He is a comely youth, indeed, still there are as fine lads in the world as he. Cormac now, in my eye, is just as handsome, my lady.

Kathleen. Cormac is a faithful and devoted domestic, but he cannot be placed in comparison with the graceful minstrel, Morna.

Morna. Why I grant he is not so engaging in con-

versation, nor so tall in stature, as the young minstrel, but he can make such pretty verses on love, and sing like a black bird in May, and prattle like a magpie in harvest, (*sighs affectedly,*) oh! since poor Rory died my lady, I never met his equal! I wish, (*aside,*) I may ensnare his heart.

Kathleen. He seems to have made an impression,—nurse, take care of your heart.

Morna. Oh, that's in no great danger; not, my lady, that if I were as ready to meet people half way, as they are to advance.—I know what I know.

(*Walking towards the glass.*)

Kathleen. Nurse bring to me my harp, and then you may retire for the night, (*she places the harp before her.*) [*Exit Morna.*] my spirits alas are sunk in the abyss of misery; and all my hopes of happiness are dissolved, like the illusive visions of a delightful dream. Never can I love any man but this minstrel, but my love must be sacrificed to the pride of birth and prejudice. If the daughter of O'Neil were to wed a nameless and birthless minstrel, she would sully the aristocratic renown of her regal family, and break the heart of a beloved father. No, I will meet death willingly, but never shall I leave it in the power of the historian to record, that Kathleen O'Neil, the offspring of Nial the great, married from the impulse of passion, a wandering bard of peasant blood. I feel I am unhappy, and that despair is extending its empire over my affections. But let me divest my mind of thoughts that torture my bosom. I often found consolation in music, (*drawing the harp towards her chair,*) come dear harp of my country, and let thy sounds make the "joy of grief," more sweet. Let thy chords tell my heart-breaking sorrows in the strains of an inspired bard of the land of music, eloquence, and valour.

[*Kathleen sings.*]

Air—"Erin go bragh."

How brilliantly dawning, unsullied and splendid,
My day star of life rose in beauty and light;

How dimly it sinks, for its lustre is ended,
 In the shade of seclusion, the gloom of the night!
 Yet sooth me, dear harp of my country, each number
 Sheds balm o'er the bosom when sorrows encumber,
 And steals every thorn from the pillow of slumber,
 And kindles the hope, beloved Erin! for thee.

Dear Erin! ere Saxon had sullied thy valleys,
 Or the keel of the stranger, polluted thy sea, [lies
 Ere the sea-breeze was harnessed to drag the dread gal-
 That bore the dark burden of fetters to thee,
 I flourished, thy emblem, untutored in sorrow;
 The clouds of to-day burst in sunshine to-morrow;
 And the lay of my lute did unconsciously borrow
 A tint of the glories that beamed upon thee.

Still, still I'm thy symbol, prophetic I view it—
 Futurity's curtain is raised to my eyes;
 A flash from the past sheds a brilliancy thro' it,
 And visions of wretchedness darkly arise. [thee,
 Chill, gloomy, and drear, frowns the prospect before
 A cloud fraught with treason and bandage breaks o'er
 thee,
 The stranger, the Saxon—they pillage—they gore thee—
 They blast every flowret of freedom and thee.

A helm thro' the dark night of bondage is gleaming,
 Like a cynosure star o'er the billows in wrath,
 The 'scutcheon of Con,* on his buckler is beaming,
 Slave, bigot, and despot, are felled in his path.
 Then Erin, like me thou shalt smile thro' thy sadness,
 And robed in attire of love, freedom, and gladness,
 The hands of the minstrels in rapturous madness,
 Will wake, beloved Erin! the anthem to thee.†

* Alluding to *Con* of the hundred battles, the ancestor of Mr. O'Connell.

† For this beautiful and patriotic song, which Miss Rock sang so delightfully to the Irish harp, the author is indebted to his friend and countryman, Dr. C. C. CONWELL, the elegant translator of the hymns of Homer.

[*While she is singing, Black Brian appears at a secret door behind, stealing cautiously forward; he beckons to Birmingham and his followers, who rush forward. Black Brian hastily locks the door of the apartment*

Black Brian. Her pathetic song almost defeats my purpose. How can I injure her? by heaven! she looks like a melancholy seraph of beauty. But vengeance irresistibly impels me on in the career of wounded pride. Pity! avaunt! I am above thy influence,—malice and cruelty are now the deities I worship.

Kathleen. (*Perceiving Black Brian shrieks, and in a moment recovering herself,*) Good God! what violence is this? Brian, (*looking indignantly at him,*) how dare you, thus, unwarrantably intrude into my chamber. Away! hypocrite, or I shall call for help.

Black Brian. Lady, you speak like your haughty father to one of his vassals. But know, I am neither his vassal, nor his friend, so that a less lofty deportment would now become you better.

Kathleen. Audacious ingrate and impostor! severely shall you suffer for this intrusion, (*Birmingham stands before her,*) gracious God! Birmingham here too. Oh! they seek my life! I am betrayed. Help! Cormac, O'Connolly, help,—help, for God's sake instant help!

Birmingham. It is in vain you call for help—none can come, (*with an insulting air,*) will you accept me now, haughty lady?

Kathleen. Never imperious Lord! racks and tortures would not have power to force me to outrage my feelings, by such an ignominious acceptance. Unfeeling Saxon! my father will inflict signal punishment upon you—leave my apartment, or death will speedily be your doom!—

Birmingham. You will change that resolution. But why do I trifle with her. Brian assist me to bear her away. (*Brian and two of the followers seize her.*)

Kathleen. Have you no pity,—no feeling of compassion? Oh! if you have the hearts of men, forbear this

violence. Surely you have breasts alive to the touch of humanity.—Is this attack upon a helpless woman, my Lord Deputy, a specimen of English valour?

Birmingham. Disregard her pathetic appeals, they are the wiles of woman. Carry her off I say, (*Brian hesitates,*) what Brian! have you forgot your wrongs?

Black Brian. Ah! there you have touched a string that cannot vibrate with the music of pity. No! vengeance is the only note it can sound. I steel my heart now against compassion, and respect not her moving tears or pathetic entreaties.

Kathleen. Oh! perfidious ingrate! impious villain! the vengeance of God will soon overtake you. Dare not approach me monster. Thy very touch brings contamination. (*To Brian.*)

Birmingham. Bear her away speedily, I command you!

[*Music, struggle, they throw a cloak over her head; she is borne through the secret entrance, the door of which Brian closes after him as they go in.*]

SCENE IV.

A Corridor in the castle, the doors of adjoining chambers are seen.—Enter Cormac.

Cormac. Now I am the happiest man that ever a pair of sparkling eyes captivated.—Well love is a strange feeling, I cannot eat, drink, or study; in fine, I cannot do any thing but think of my lovely Ellen! Dear, dear Ellen! what a divinity she is! Lord she is like a Robin red breast, perched on an apple tree, and always singing of good weather. What bliss awaits me when we are married, and that will be as soon as the chief returns. [*Sings.*

Air—"The humours of Balliniscald."

(Composed by Miss Balfour.)

Oh! dear what sadness, what grief, what madness,
Our wedding will cause to the neighbours around,
The lads all sighing, the girls all crying!
A dozen at least in the lake will be drown'd!

But with Ellen my bride, at our own fire-side,
 We will taste all the rapture good humour imparts;
 And whoe'er wants a home to our cottage may come,
 Where a madder of whiskey shall gladden their hearts

Chorus.

The bosom glowing with Ennishowen,*
 Whate'er be its griefs, never yield to despair,
 'Tis the cordial of life, the consoler of strife,
 It brightens our pleasures, and lightens our care.
 With loving glances, and sly advances,
 The ladies attack me wherever I go;
 "Such limbs, such eyes,—he's a knight in disguise."
 "Dear madam, you flatter,"—I swear to you no.

Enter Morna.

Morna. Truly Cormac, you might employ yourself better than in singing, while our Lord, the Prince, is engaged in a dangerous expedition.

Cormac. Why, pray now, my good lady fofstress, would my silence insure his safety? or do you take my singing for the voice of the *Banshee*, screaming from the battlements, and giving you warning of death.

Morna. Hush! Cormac, hold your cackling tongue, heaven keep us from all manner of mischief. Cormac! Cormac! your impious prate is enough to draw down the vengeance of the spirits that guard the O'Neil race! For talking so lightly I would not wonder if some ghost carried you to the bottom of the lake.

Cormac. Patience, kind nurse! and have a little more indulgence for the follies of youth; you know, (*patting her chin,*) you were once young and in love yourself.

Morna. Once young! you impertinent jackanapes, I

* ENNISHOWEN, is the name of the Barony in the county of Donegal, which is famous for producing the purest whiskey in Ireland.

am not old enough yet to be your mother, except like one of the Arabian women, I had been married at the age of seven. You provoking coxcomb, how dare you call a woman of twenty-five, old.

Cormac. Twenty-five! *ha! ha!* why my venerable dame, the Lady Kathleen is now seventeen, so that you must have commenced nursing her at eight. But let me compliment you for being able to walk without a crutch, and—

Morna. Insolent puppy! I shall dance at my Lady's wedding.

Cormac. And a precious figure you will cut truly. Why there will be more people assembled to look at you, than came to see the great Danish standard, taken by Prince Hugh O'Neil, at the battle of Clontarf, the day it was carried in procession to the cathedral of Armagh!

Morna. You are an impertinent varlet, (*much agitated,*) But I shall tell the Lady Kathleen of your insolence—you are a heartless man to use *me* so, who felt a tender passion for such an ingrate; I hate you now (*weeping,*) that I do. How could you be so cruel as to tell a woman like me, in the bloom of youth, that she was old.

Cormac. (*Taking her hand.*) Nay now, dear Morna, I did not mean to offend you; forgive my flippancy: I esteem you too much to irritate a—a—*young* woman of your gentle disposition.—Do not be angry, sweet Morna, but let me thus bury all in forgetfulness. [*kisses her.*]

Morna. Learn to keep your distance, (*rubbing her lips with her apron,*) don't presume too far sir, on my partiality. You know that you have worse friends in the castle than I, (*smiles significantly,*) though an *old* woman.—I have entrapped his heart. (*aside.*)

Cormac. (*Aside.*) Plague take her whims, she's at it again. (*Aloud,*) I am truly sensible of that; and my heart's just like the bog hole yonder, you have only to pop in a little kindness, and down it sinks.

Morna. Ah! Cormac, you have the loveliest comparisons in the world.—

Cormac. And what's more, I never have to seek them out—they skip from my mouth like an eel from a net, glad to be disentangled.

Morna. Do you know Cormac, that I dreamed last night, you had bought for me a satin mantle, which I thought as white as snow.

Cormac. Heaven grant it may be her winding sheet. (*aside.*) (*Aloud.*) Well, Morna, that dream may be realized.—

Morna. Ah! Cormac, if I were sure of possessing your affections.

Cormac. Never doubt them my love,—those rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and sweet lips, (*kisses.*) have attracted my regards and fixed them in a focus of love. (*Ellen coming forward, R. H.*) The nasty old duenna has beard (*rubbing his lips with his hand.*) as strong and bristly as one of the wild bores in the forest of Glenarm.*

* GLENARM, a pretty and picturesque village, is situated in a remote glen, near the borders of a bay of the same name, at the distance of thirteen miles from the town of LARNE, in the county of Antrim. Glenarm contains about two hundred and fifty houses, and a population of two thousand souls. To the left of the town there is a ridge of precipitous mountains, broken into fantastic peaks, whose tops rise fifteen hundred feet above the marine level. The parish church, standing on the sea beach, in the centre of an extensive cemetery, is a neat Gothic structure, adorned with a lofty spire of fine proportions.

A mountain river glides through the town, near whose bank the imposing antique castle of Mc Donnel, Earl of Antrim, stands.

The northern extremity of the Glenarm domain, is bounded by a pilastered wall of polished basalt, raised up by the plastic hand of nature, to the elevation of two hundred feet above the surface of the sea. Near to the church are the ruins of an abbey which was founded in 1445, by Robert Bisset.

Morna. Ah Cormac! how prettily you can give expression to the language of love.

Cormac. Because I feel *its effects*. (*aside.*) But not for such an old faded witch as you though.

Ellen. (*Aside.*) What the deuce is the whole castle moping about? suppose the Prince is absent, I'll warrant he's in no danger. That Black Brian always frightens me when he appears, but whenever his back's turned, I can't help laughing; and I'm sure he knows no more of what's to come, than the man in the moon. But, ha! what's here—Cormac making love to the old nurse. Oh! now for some sport, (*advancing,*) ungrateful Cormac! is this the reward of my constancy? I who have refused fifteen shield bearers, and thirty-five squires for your sake!

Cormac. Dearest Ellen, I am only bantering the old jewel.

Ellen. False inconstant man? how dare you pronounce my name? Not content with breaking *my* heart, you have thrown witchcraft over the eyes of this sly, demure, and venerable matron, and so deluded her, that she imagines herself young and handsome, and you, a fine *tall* knight suing for her hand, *ha! ha! ha!*

Morna. None of your sneers, you impertinent baggage! I might have knights in dozens, had I been as bold and forward as you.

Ellen. If one only had offered every year since you were my age, you might have had three dozen at least, by this time.

Morna. 'Tis false, you pert, spiteful minx! it is the dignity of my character which makes me look older than I really am, you brazen jade. I'm none of your gossiping flirts, that think every man in love with them, who pays them the common attention of politeness and civility.

Ellen. To decide our pretensions to Cormac's love, let us run three times round the great court, and whoever first reaches the armoury door, will win as the prize of victory, the heart of this gallant swain.—Will you venture for it?

Morna. I scorn your taunts; though my feet are not so nimble as your flippant tongue.

Cormac. Stop, dear Ellen, you are going perhaps too far with the joke.

Ellen. What! do you take her part even before my face? oh! oh! oh! (*pretends to cry*,) I shall die! I shall go mad!

Cormac. My dearest Ellen!—you know, I love you alone.

Morna. Silly girl! you will alarm the guards of the castle with your noise, you jealous fool!

Ellen. Will I? (*bursting into loud laughter*,) then see, I am quite myself again, and believe me old lady, I have too much confidence both in Cormac's constancy and in my own attractions, to fear even *your* very superior beauty, and winning fascination.

Morna. Vain, idle, coquette! I shall teach you manners. Come, Miss, and wait upon the ladies, you are wanted.
[*Exit with Ellen, R. H.*]

Enter Carryl, (L. H.)

Cormac. Carryl, my brave boy, what news? Is all safe?

Carryl. Yes: the Ladies Kathleen and Minona remain in their own apartment, your father keeps watch near the gate; and I have been walking on the ramparts for the last two hours, lucubrating on the ode which I am preparing, to celebrate the Prince's return. Cormac it is time you should relieve your father.

Cormac. Yes, let us attend our duty. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The interior of Black Brian's cell,—a mossy couch; near to it is a rude table, on which are discovered books, a scrip, and a drinking scollop. Black Brian, and Birmingham, are seen near the couch, on which the Lady Kathleen is seated, in conference. She appears as if recovering from a trance.

Kathleen. (*Coming towards Birmingham*,) Oh! Bir-

mingham, in the name of mercy—that ethereal essence of heroism, restore me to my home and my liberty. Surely there is magnanimity in your nature, and compassion in your bosom, to oppose the execution of your inglorious purpose. Hast thou that unfeeling heart,—hast thou the contempt of sacred honour which would warrant thee to detain me, thus, in captivity. Will not a soldier's generous sympathy disarm thy resolution?

Birmingham. No, Lady, there is no feeling can move or shake my invincible resolution. I cannot suffer you to leave me now, after risking detection and death in the castle for thy sake.

Kathleen. Oh! not for mine,—it was for the savage passion of dark revenge. Love had no agency in the ignoble act. That refined feeling was extinguished in your mind when you planned my captivity with the malicious hypocrite Black Brian.

Birmingham. Lady, in this project, love and revenge were allies, for your father slighted, and you scorned me. But the ardour of my love for you, mainly forced me to this painful alternative.

Kathleen. Your love for me indeed! Do not insult me with such dissimulation. Are violence and captivity, the proofs you would adduce to woo and win her whom you pretend to love?—Away my Lord, your cruel acts, belie your professions,—and—

Black Brian. My Lord it grows late, and we should not listen to her subtile speeches, a woman's tears, and a woman's eloquence, have often, my Lord, unmanned heroes, and disconcerted their plans,—she is now in your power, so that you need no longer act the part of the imploring lover.

Kathleen. One word Birmingham; ah! if thou e'er did'st know a mother's fondness, or regard a sister's smile,—if e'er that sister claimed protection from thee! Oh! think that now thou seest her kneel to thee, and supplicate thy mercy, thy pity, and thy justice, with tears of anguish, flowing from an afflicted heart!

Birmingham. I have no mother living, and my sister's

hand was raised against my life! I'll hear no more lady; my purpose is unalterable, so that you but waste your words; to night I shall carry you to the strong castle of Ardee, in spite of human intervention.

Kathleen. Oh! hast thou no touch of compassion, dreadest thou not the vengeance of heaven? (*weeps.*)

Birmingham. None! nor do I fear the wrath of heaven, for loving thee. But time warns me away. (*He motions two of his followers to conduct Kathleen to the couch.*) Now to prepare for flight:—when night returns Lady, (*addressing Kathleen,*) I will come back, and bear thee hence to comfort and joy.

Kathleen. Comfort and joy, forsooth! Oh! thou man of cruelty, dare not to talk to me of any thing, but thy vengeance and perfidy, say you will bear me to racks and tortures, and then I will believe you. But desperate as my situation is, I do not yet despair of the aid of an omnipresent God.

Birmingham. Lady, you will change your tone and opinion as soon as you reach my castle; adieu! compose your spirits. To night we go hence. Brian, farewell, be punctual in your attendance here to night. Remember I am thy friend. (*shaking his hand.*)

Black Brian. Then, my Lord, go promptly to the place of concealment.—We but lose time. I too must depart to the scene of action. (*Exeunt Birmingham and his followers.*) A few hours will either achieve or destroy my projects. My fate vibrates on the point of a crisis, if either chieftain fall, why well; if not, fortune may favour me, or chance direct.—Oh, superstition! what a chain art thou, to bind the finest faculties of the man. Thy iron grasp can freeze his genius, and paralyze his soul, degrade his nature, sully even his virtues, and sink him to a state of brutal folly!

[*Exit through a grated door.*]

Kathleen. (*Rising from the couch and coming forward,*) They are gone to plot afresh against my life and honour. Oh! ye guardian spirits of the Heremonian line of

O'Neil,* hover on seraph's wings around me, and protect a hapless daughter of that house, under your supernatural shield, from the defilement with which she is menaced; preserve her soul from foul pollution. (*seems to totter.*) But tears and wo have exhausted my strength; I dare not sleep, (*going towards the table,*) here I perceive a bible, and the salutary lessons of moral inspiration may console my sorrows and sufferings; I will read awhile; (*opens the bible in which she discovers a dagger, holds it up in her hand, while her countenance expresses a mixture of horror, and amazement.*) O, most pious pilgrim!—here is the symbol of his atrocious villany—here has been the poisonous scorpion of death, hid in the sacred rose of divine precept. But come sparkling friend, (*holding up the dagger,*) be to me what thou hast been to Lucretia, the guardian of chastity. With thee, the daughter of O'Neil can evince Roman courage, and die virtuously like an Irish Princess. Birmingham, and Brian, whilst I have this you cannot dishonour me,—your vengeance can only reach my life, but not my virtue, that will live in my country's story. (*Looking around the cell,*) Ha! yonder is an open cavern, let me try and penetrate it, for nothing but indispensable necessity, will drive me to the alternative of suicide. But this dagger, (*placing it in her bosom,*) will be my last resort.

[*Exit through a cavern, L. H.*]

SCENE VI.

The hall of the castle as before.—Enter O' Connolly, Morna, Cormac, and Attendants, confusedly; (R. H.) they by gesture express grief and consternation.

O' Connolly. Distraction! gone! but wither? I can

* Heremon was the son of Milesius, and the first sole Milesian monarch of Ireland; from him was descended Nial of the nine hostages, who reigned monarch of Erin in the fourth century. The O'Neils, being his direct posterity, derived their name from him. He was the common ancestor of these Princes as well as of the O'Donnells, Mac Geohegans, Mc Loughlins, O'Quins, O'Kendelans, O'Dalys, O'Doughertys, and other ancient families.

swear she never issued through gate or loop hole, for a rat could not move, without my hearing or seeing it. Some evil spirit has carried her off, that's certain—but who, oh! who, shall tell the noble Phelim this?

Morna. (*Clamorously,*) Oh! my child—my child!—that I nursed with such tenderness!

O' Connolly. Peace, woman! your clamour is unnecessary; we have confusion enough, heaven knows, without your bellowing.

Morna. I might clamour like the heath-cock, at the break of day, before I could make one of you active. Oh! if my poor husband Rory was alive, he would soon find out our Lady, even if she was enchanted by the Banshee!—O, he was a wild cat in swiftness, and an owl in sagacity.

Cormac. (*Aside,*) And you are a wild cat in crabbedness, and an owl in stupidity. (*Aloud,*) Why what would you have us do nurse?

Morna. Drag the lake, search the forest, burn the castle!—any thing but I would find the Lady Kathleen! To succeed I would go through fire and water. Oh, my Lady! oh! oh! (*weeps,*)

Cormac. That would be going through fire and water with a vengeance. It is well you don't insist upon our bestriding the hawks, and go to the moon to please you.—

Enter Thomond, Minona, and Ellen, (R. H.)

Thomond. What dreadful tale is this? Good heavens! what has befallen the Lady?

O' Connolly. (*Walking round the apartment in a state of great disorder and distraction.*) No mortal hand ever conveyed her hence. Surely some evil spirit or malignant fairy must have transformed her into a bird, and carried her up the chimney.

Cormac. A dreadful and dismal tale it is bard! the Lady Kathleen has disappeared, as it should seem by supernatural agency. No creature was observed near

the castle, and she could not in any human shape, have passed the gate, without my father's knowledge.

Minona. Oh, day of sorrow! oh my darling sister! must I never see her again.—Now I am as miserable as fortune can make me. (*weeps.*)

Ellen. The reign of happiness alas, is terminated in this castle! this hall lately so joyous, will never again resound with the strains of joy, or the voice of revelry.

Cormac. The agents of darkness must have carried her off;—no human means were possible.

Thomond. That it was done by demons, I doubt not, but they were, Cormac, demons that wore the human form.

O'Connolly. By all the saints that sprang from the royal blood of Con of the hundred battles, the Lady Kathleen, did not pass out last night through door, or loop hole, for the truth of this, I appeal to heaven; but minstrel, know you aught?

Thomond. (*With dignified pride.*) Do I—know aught! What! Old man! dare any one suspect me?

Minona. Accuse him not; he sure is innocent.

Thomond. (*Recovering himself.*) I only know, that the belief in supernatural means, is but an idle dream. And he who pretends to converse with the world of spirits, is either an arrant knave, or a mad enthusiast.

Minona. True minstrel; and sometimes both are united in the same character.

Cormac. Black Brian, solemnly warned our chieftain of impending danger. The pious man, threatened him with the wrath of heaven.

Thomond. (*Starting.*) Then he is the villain!

Minona. No deeper treads the earth, than is that hypocritical wretch.

Cormac. What he! the holy hermit! Now, may God forgive you, my Lady, for cherishing such false opinions and unjust suspicions?

Morna. May Saint Patrick protect us, my Lady, I fear it all comes of your father's obstinacy; Black

Brian predicted the misfortunes that have fallen on us. My dear Lady has been carried off by the fairies in consequence.

Minona. My father treated the warnings of an ignorant, but cunning visionary as he ought—with contempt. Let me hear no more from you, madam on the subject. Sorrow should be always silent.

O'Connolly. But my Lady, his penance, and piety forbid suspicion,—to doubt him, would be to suspect the purity of an angel.

Thomond. That devotion never yet was sincere, that obtruded on the public eye, nor those acts of mortification, aught but solemn mocking which were performed ostentatiously, in presence of the world. Vice can more easily deceive in the stolen vestments of virtue,—and assumed sanctity is the imposing mask in which the hypocrite hides his turpitude. True religion dwells in the heart; and even when unseen, pours its beneficent effects around. But let us away! to the cell of Black Brian,—there we will seize him, and extort from his own mouth, a confession of his perfidious treachery!

[Exit hastily, *L. H.*

Morna. Faith, this young poet can make a fine speech. I believe I'll cock my cap at him, and give up Cormac. Oh! if he would make me the subject of one of his songs, I should be the vainest woman in the world.

[aside.

Minona. May heaven speed the gallant minstrel!

O'Connolly. He seems a brave fellow, and I would venture to say, that like another Ossian, he can wield the sword as well as the pen. Cormac, you must follow him, and aid the search, which I fear will be in vain, for no mortal man ever carried off our Lady. No, no, any thing in human shape, could not evade my watchful vigilance.

Minona. Yes, Cormac, hasten to his assistance; believe me that Brian has been the grand mover in the wicked deed, for the sun never beamed on so vile a monster. Fly, fly! seek him out, and force him to con-

fess whatever he knows of my hapless sister.—Oh, my sister! perhaps, we never shall meet more. *[Exit.]*

O'Connolly. I would as soon believe that Pope Adrian had a right to bestow this kingdom to Henry the Saxon, as that Black Brian would injure the sweet Lady Kathleen; nevertheless, his knowledge may assist us in discovering her. Go then, my son, and let it never be said that the heart of an Irishman, failed in the cause of virtue and patriotism.

Cormac. No, nor in the cause of beauty; so let me go. Heaven bless thee Ellen. *(takes her hand and kisses it.)*

Morna. *(aside,)* He loves that pert, forward jade. Oh! she was born to cross me in love, and break my heart. *(Aloud,)* You might have given me *one* kind look at parting, but I see I am out of favour. *(pouts,)* But there is no truth in man. Oh! my poor dear Rory, no wonder that I *loved* him so much, for he was the jewel of a man! he never left me without bestowing a loving glance upon me.

Cormac. No wonder indeed, for in your endearments you were more like wild cats than turtle doves, and never parted without a scratch, and mew. Farewell my beloved Ellen,—on my lads to the cell of the hermit.

[Exit.]

Morna. Insolent ingrate! thus he spurns my love, and wounds my proffered heart, but I shall have revenge. *(aside.)*

Ellen. Dear Mr. O'Connolly, I fear for Cormac, should Black Brian be displeased! Though I sometimes laugh at him, I dread his anger, and his austerity.

Morna. Why should he, for being asked a civil question? Next to hearing a secret, there's nothing like telling one.

O'Connolly. There can be no dread of danger entertained, in the cause of virtue; so keep up your spirits Ellen, and hope for success. But I must attend to my duty. *[Exit.]*

Morna. Ay, gentle lady, *(with a sneer,)* keep up your

spirits and your hopes. What deceiving airs you can assume,—you lump of affectation! there are others in the castle feel as much as you pretend to, only that they have too much modesty to let it be known. Alackaday! we are come to a pretty pass, when waiting maids are the consequence of their mistresses. But (*aside*,) I will check your pride and supplant you in Cormac's affections. [Exit.

Ellen. If my love were not greater than her modesty, a small compass would contain it. That adonis, Cormac occupies my whole thoughts and affections. Oh, may angels guard him in his adventure. [Exit.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

The front of Turloch's castle,—Drawbridge and Portcullis.

Phelim. (*Without.*) Now, my brave fellows, that we have passed the ramparts, let justice be our watchword, —on! on! up to the walls, strike for victory!—sound the war cry of Nial the Grand (*They all shout,*) Huzza! for O'Neil! hurah! for the red branch.

[*Music, as he and his soldiers rush on to storm the castle, the gates are suddenly thrown open: and Dermot, a bard, dressed in the habit of his order, enters, bearing in his hand, a green branch, as the symbol of peace, which he presents to the Prince.*

Dermot. Hail, puissant Prince of Ulster,—hail, illustrious descendant of the hero of the nine hostages.

Phelim. I thank you for your salutation, Dermot; but what is the import of your mission,—will Turloch hold out? Speak! quickly, venerable bard.

Dermot. Gallant Prince, our Lord apprized of thy approach, by me has sent, that token of submission. He knows thou comest to seek redress for O'Cahan, and yields to thy command. Yet let not your highness imagine, that it's fear that actuates him, no! that feeling never throbbed in his bosom; indeed his valour [and courage, at the battle of Dundalk, under your own eye, leave no ground for questioning his courage. But the lofty soul of the chief, is sometimes the prey of passion; still he is ever prompt to deplore his faults, and to make such an atonement for them, as is consistent with honour. Thy lands, (*to O'Cahan,*) young chief, shall be restored to thee; and Turloch will prove himself more the object of pity than of blame, in all that concerned the tragic

fate of thy brother. Thou, renowned Prince, shalt witness the faithful performance of this promise. If thou agree; deign to partake of his hospitality, deign to share with him the rosy cup of peace—and then the dulcet sounds of the harp, will prove more agreeable to your soul than the discordant blast of the clarion of mars.

Phelim. O'Cahan what sayest thou? Will this offer satisfy you?

O'Cahan. I wait the pleasure of your highness.—Your decision is mine.

Phelim. Son of tuneful harps, thy voice has dispelled the cloud that portended disaster to thy chief;—thou hast quelled the tempest that was about to burst annihilation upon his head.—Go, minstrel, and tell him that I consent; for I came but to procure the terms he offers. Wherefore, then, should I draw the sanguinary sword, when by accepting his submission, I can spare the effusion of human blood?

Dermot. These sentiments are such as accord with the feelings of a true Milesian hero, as humanity, is the brightest attribute of the knights of the red branch. Oh! that all conquerors would follow your example, and emulate your magnanimity, then, never should the falchion be unsheathed, but to defend the land of our sires, to maintain our liberties, or to protect beauty from insult and violence. But let me lead your highness to the chief.

[*Music.*—*Exeunt into the castle, as they approach the door, the soldiers give a shout of triumph.*]

SCENE II.

A Gothic hall,—a grand banquet. ladies and minstrels stand in groups to receive the Prince. Turloch discovered seated on a chair of state, behind which his standard bearer elevates his ensign.—Music.—Phelim, O'Cahan, and soldiers, introduced by the bard. Turloch rises and advances to receive the Prince, while the ladies and the minstrels make obeisance.

Turloch. Welcome my liege Lord, to whom I owe

fealty,—welcome to m̄y nephew's castle. O'Cahan! I also greet you with a welcome—the soldiers of the great O'Neil, are likewise all welcome to my presence.

Phelim. I thank you chief in behalf of all, and I rejoice that such is our cordial meeting; and that amenity and reparation are about to extinguish the torch of discord, but let us hear, Turloch, how you can exculpate yourself.

Turloch. First, great chief, (*pointing to the table,*) partake of my homely banquet.

Phelim. Not yet:—thou didst propose to clear thyself from the charge of murder, which this noble youth preferred. I cannot join you at the altar of hospitality, or pledge thee in the friendly goblet, until after thou hast wiped off the sullying stain, by proving thy innocence.

Turloch. And I will prove it beyond a doubt.—

O'Cahan's brother was my early friend—

And might have still been such but for a villain;

Some trifling cause he had of discontent—

For many days he came not to the castle.

Urged by the vile inventions of a wretch

Then in my court, I sent an ample guard

To seize him—in the struggle he was slain!

(*pauses much affected.*)

Meanwhile, his murderer besought his lands,

I would not grant them, though I blamed him not,

But think what dread conviction flashed on me,

When this same miscreant assailed my life!

Too plainly, then, I saw O'Cahan's fate!

The villain fled—nor could I trace him since,

Until lately I heard it rumoured that he dwells

In the vicinity of your castle, disguised in a hermit's garb.—

Phelim. Heavens! can it be possible? No, no, Black Brian's sanctity is not assumed; he is a man of virtue.—Dare he impose himself on my patronage in a fictitious character?

Turloch. I was just about setting out, in quest of that diabolical hypocrite.

Phelim. And if my lands, or courts, contain such a monster, he shall be yielded up directly to the punishment of justice. From me, an impostor need not expect clemency.

O'Cahan. Chief, I am satisfied; and will renew to thee my oath of fealty, in presence of our superior Prince.

Phelim. I am truly happy that reconciliation has cancelled your difference, for dissension, has been the ruin of our country, it has been the prolific source of all our evils; it was this demon that invited the English invaders to our shores, and prostrated us under the galling weight of oppression.

O'Cahan. But, Prince, thank Ultonian valour, the English lion never impressed the sacred patrimony of Nial the Grand, in Ulster, with his accursed paws.

Phelim. No, chieftain, if Leinster and Munster, had evinced the bravery of Ulster and Connaught, Henry the Second, and all his followers, would have found a grave in Ireland.—But the fatal beauties of the Queen of Breffeny, produced as direful disasters in Erin, as those of Helen did in Troy.—But O'Cahan come forward and renew your allegiance to Turloch, as your Lord paramount, and he must make you full reparation for every aggression.

Phelim walks forward, his soldiers range themselves round.

All draw their swords and hold them in an elevated position. O'Cahan kneels, puts his hands between those of Turloch.

O'Cahan. (*Bending forward,*) To be true to thee in peace and war,—to fight thy battles, when lawfully summoned, and bear thee true allegiance, saying the rights of the Prince of Ulster,—all this to perform, I swear by the order of knighthood, conferred upon me by the Prince.

[Music, kisses the hilt of Turloch's sword. All sheath their swords, and range themselves round the table.]

Turloch. Now, my Lord, I pray you to partake of our cheer.

Phelim. Chieftain, I shall and gladly. (*sits himself.*)

Turloch. O'Cahan, you must pledge me in a cup of reconciliation.

O'Cahan. You do me honour chieftain.

[*They all fill their goblets.*

Turloch. Then, from the bowl, brilliant with rosy wine, and wreathed with our native shamrocks, let us drink the draught of renewed friendship, and alliance; and may the bosom of our mother, dear Erin! the land of song and story! be never lacerated by the strife of her sons.

[*They drink.--Flourish.*

Phelim. It is a patriotic sentiment, worthy of an Irish heart, and may it be followed by eternal harmony and concord,—for it was disunion heralded Saxon despotism into this dear country; were it not for that destructive hydra, the standard of Fingal, and Brian Boroihme, instead of the hated ensign of Saxon oppression, would now wave in the breeze, on the round towers of Erin.

Dermot. Oh Prince, how you bring back to memory the days of our glory, the immortal deeds of our heroes, who, under that harp emblazoned banner, which Ossian denominated the “Sun-beam of Battles,” vanquished Roman legions in Caledonia, and wreathed themselves in the laurels of eternal renown, on the sanguinary field of Clontarf!

Turloch. Come Dermot, like Ossian, gladden our ears with the voice of song—raise the strains of fame and celebrate the glories of our illustrious guest.

Dermot comes forward, he sits. Other bards attend, and Black Brian disguised in the dress of a bard. mingles with them.

SONG.

By Miss Balfour.

Air—"Bumper Squire Jones."

The banquet is crowned
 The wine sparkles high in the generous bowl,
 Now press it around,
 And let its full measure,
 Enliven with pleasure,
 The feast of the soul;
 Then lend your regards
 To the songs of the bards,
 While over your senses our music shall steal,
 And honour and glory
 Shall swell every story;
 That Fame shall relate in praise of O'Neil.

In loftier verse,
 Now wake the loud strains, let your voices arise,
 The praises rehearse,
 Of Phelim victorious
 The valiant and glorious,
 The brave and the wise;—
 Remember the field,
 Where he won the proud shield,
 The prize of his valour, his fame's brilliant seal,
 Till the harp's lofty strain
 Over mountain and plain,
 Shall resound with the praise of the gallant O'Neil.

Then pour the libation—
 And may the whole nation,
 Unite for the success of *Kathleen O'Neil*.

Phelim. Bard, thou hast well acquitted thee of thy task. - I would my daughter were here,—she would be charmed by thy skill and thank thee.

Turloch. Her thanks could not fail, Prince, of giving

him new inspiration, as the applause of a lovely woman serves to kindle the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence.

Phelim. Chief, thou art gallant. When thou visitest my castle, she shall present thee with a cup of mead, to drink the health of thy favourite Lady.

Black Brian. (*Rising among the bards.*) Ha! the gale of inspiration breathes upon me,—the fox has stolen into the den of the lion!

Turloch. What meanest thou minstrel; are you seized with the madness of poetry,—or has the wine given thee, the prophetic spirit?

Black Brian. Chieftain, impede me not,—the spirits of other worlds whisper to me,—the rose bud withers on its stem—the seedling dries, while the lifeless trunk remains like the scorched oak in the forest, without a branch of foliage!

Phelim. Explain thyself in intelligible language.—

Black Brian. Better for thee, Prince, my lips were not yet unsealed—she melts—she vanishes! Never more shall the hand of thy Kathleen grace thy banquet, nor gladden thy rising soul with the light of song! (*gesticulates wildly,*) she struggles in the billows of despair, she implores her father's help! See! see! her spirit calls me—I come—I come! good phantom! my task is done, it beckons me, I must away! The waves close over her! Beware who follow me!

[*Rushes out in a state of wild disorder, L.H.*

They all seem astonished at the manner of Brian.

Phelim. This man is either drunk, or distracted with imaginary inspiration.

Turloch. Oh Prince! all the poets are subject to mad fits; think nothing of his idle rhapsody.—Let us have the mazy dance, and amuse the Prince in a becoming manner.

Dermot. (*aside.*) All the poets subject to mad fits! by the Lyre of Apollo, that is a fine character to give

men of genius! But the spleen shall find no room in my mind this night, as good wine, is better than all the composing draughts in the apothecary's shop. My heart is as light as a feather, and my ideas quite in the epic order. (*Rises and struts about.*) [Dance.

Enter Carryl, hastily. (R. H.)

Carryl. My Lord—my Prince—your hall—the Lady Kathleen!

[*Sinks down, as if overcome by fatigue, and grief. All rise and surround him, by their gestures expressing anxiety and amazement.*

Phelim. Speak! speak! what of Kathleen? what of my beloved child? (*They raise him up,*) speak, I command you!—

Carryl. (*With difficulty.*) I cannot speak to your highness, I am——Oh! fly quickly to the castle!—the Lady Kathleen, I fear is——

Phelim. Is dead!—Would'st thou say so, and break my heart.—

Carryl. No thank heaven! but heed me not, fly, her danger is imminent! haste to the castle, lose not a moment—— [Faints.

Phelim. His terrors overcome him, but my darling child, sure heaven will guard her. Haste away my soldiers, let no time be lost.

Turloch. My chieftain, would you but accept my aid—

Phelim. Yes, Turloch, come; but arm quickly; the English must have stormed my castle, and made captives of my daughters,—it is so—oh, then for vengeance!—Now if ere you loved me prove it, my friends, by your speed—all that I hold most precious is at stake! and he who first shall reach the castle, gains the richest gift in my possession. Let us away.

[*Music—They all exeunt in bustle and confusion, except Carryl, whom two attendants carry out. R. H.*

SCENE III.

A rocky ravine, with an aperture of a cavern, partially concealed by the branches of wild briar and holly—music soft.

Enter Thomond, (advancing towards the cavern,)

Thomond. This is the entrance to the abode of hypocrisy. Let me but find the villain and I will make him confess, else by this sword he shall die. Dearest Kathleen! fair and fond object of my first love! if thou art dead, or dishonoured, my fate is determined,—in death alone I will seek happiness! But let me proceed through this gloomy cave to Brian's cell. (*As he is in the act of descending the steps of the cavern, he perceives and picks up a bracelet.*) By heaven! (*music,*) she must be here, for this bracelet graced her snowy arm, even when last I saw her! Precious relic, (*kissing it,*) how dearly I prize thee! (*a wailing cry heard,*) ha! what is that? (*he listens attentively, and hears a moaning voice, faintly exclaim,*) [Gracious heaven! is there no aid near? Oh! no:—the night of despair hangs its clouds dismally around me, and every ray of hope has vanished.] By all my hopes of joy and love, it is she—it is my beloved Kathleen! Let me seek thee bright goddess of my affections. (*He proceeds through the cavern and in a few moments returns, bearing up the Lady Kathleen.*)

Kathleen. Minstrel, I know not how to speak my thanks, words are inadequate to give them expression.

Thomond. Lady, your safety is my best reward.—To rescue so much beauty and loveliness, as you possess, from the fangs of treachery, is an honour of which I must be ever proud, as forming the happiest occurrence of my life.—Yes, Lady, this event shall be remembered as the brightest vision, among the few which memory may reflect upon, that cheerlessness of sinking existence.

Kathleen. (aside.) Why was not his birth as noble as his sentiments?—(*aloud,*) poets, sir, are generally too

flattering in their compliments.—But surely it was providence that sent you hither to my deliverance, and now that I again breathe the balmy breeze of liberty, let us away, for I fear Birmingham will return and intercept our progress.

Thomond. Birmingham! was it he Lady? Gracious God! could an English Peer, nay, an English soldier act so base? I thought it was the base man, Black Brian.

Kathleen. Both, both, good minstrel, were leagued against my peace and honour.

Thomond. (*aside.*) By the soul of Brian the brave, my illustrious ancestor, I shall have revenge for this, or fall by Birmingham's hand.—(*aloud.*) Oh, villains! monsters! Hell has not a torture severe enough to punish such a crime!

Kathleen. Minstrel, I pray you lead me to the castle, there shall my father's bounty faintly prove how highly he will rate the obligation which we owe you.

Thomond. I know his noble nature well,—(*aside.*) if I possessed her, the rewards of Empires, could not add to my felicity.

Kathleen. For me I cannot use a language sufficiently eloquent to express my sense of gratitude, or make my tongue the interpreter of the feelings that warm my heart. Teach me but how I can reward you best, and life itself is not too rich a ransom!—For life and honour I owe to you.

Thomond. There is one way Lady, but my tongue refuses to be the herald of my heart.—In silence it must be buried.

Kathleen. Oh, name it sir,—say how I can requite your services!

Thomond. Lady I dare not—'tis too bold a suit [*sighs.*]

Kathleen. Be it what it may—speak, and thy boon is granted.—Thou canst not ask for more than I owe thee. (*Aside.*) Oh! that he were of a noble family, my heart and hand should be his reward.

Thomond. (*Aside.*) I must now declare my passion, though I feel more dread at doing so, than if I were to

encounter a batallion of Birmingham's cross-bow-men.
(*aloud*) Lady I adore, I love thee. (*Kneeling.*)

Kathleen. Rise sir!—This is too bold a suit indeed! I do not wonder at thy hesitancy. (*With lofty dignity.*) Minstrel, I owe thee much, and would not wound thee with harsh remembrance of our different stations; but since thou hast presumed upon thy services, I must remind thee, I am the daughter of a royal Prince, and one of the heiresses of his fortunes, and his name,—that name so revered by Irishmen, and so emblazoned on Erin's annals, shall never be tarnished by me, I will still preserve it free from stain, even as the hallowed relic of my sire.

Thomond. (*Aside.*) She never looked so charming, her air so dignified, her cheeks so flushed, exhibit the grace of a Queen, and the ideal attractions of pictured beauty—Oh! first of Erin's daughters, how each word adds to my love, respect, and awe!

Kathleen. Yet let me still be just—were such thy birth, as would not raise the blush upon my cheek,—I care not for possessions,—but would share whatever my father could bestow, with thee. But it is enough; we will mention it no more.

Thomond. The recording page of our history, Lady, furnishes examples of bards wooing, and winning Milesian Princesses,—therefore, I will rest my hopes, on your compassion, and indulge the blissful expectation that the sensibility, and goodness of my Lady's heart, will yet preponderate in my favour, and surmount the barrier that feudal pride would oppose to love.

Kathleen. These examples, sir, I shall not follow, though you would gild them with historical authority. No more on this painful subject, unless you wish to cancel my gratitude by offending me. But let us fly from this hated spot.

Thomond. (*Throwing off his minstrel's habit.*) Stay one moment Lady—view me as I am—no wandering minstrel, but Thomond's chief, the ally and kinsman of your gallant father. Long, in my father's hall, on the

flower enamelled banks of the Shannon, the bards had sung the praises of the Lady Kathleen O'Neil, had painted her virtues amiable, beautiful, and intellectual. That I might see thee in thy native lustre—see thee divested of the mask of court disguise, I took this minstrel garb, sought thy presence, and found the original in grace and loveliness, superior to the picture which the bards presented of thee in their encomiums. (*kneeling.*) Lady I love you with as warm an ardour, as ever glowed in a lover's heart; but I will not again urge my suit, until it be sanctioned by your own consent, and thy father's smile.—Ah! Lady, let the smiling rays of thy blue eyes brighten my hopes.

Kathleen. Surprise had struck me dumb! Rise Prince, when the full heart cannot express its feelings, silence assumes the power of eloquence, and speaks unutterable things.

Thomond. (*Taking her hand and kissing it,*) Yes, my beloved Kathleen, that silence has spoken audibly to my feelings, and dissipated the clouds of suspense that a few moments ago, darkened their horizon. Now my angel to the castle:—On our way, should aught impede our steps, this trusty sword shall smooth our passage, and insure thy safety. [*Exeunt L. H.*]

SCENE III.

A view of Shane's castle and lake.—Sunset.—Music.—Enter Black Brian, R. H.

B. Brian. All now is lost, and flight alone remains;—
To seek (*pause,*) for shelter in the English fortress.—
Could I but seize Minona—but 'tis vain.—
Even at the banquet, when in bardic guise
I mingled with the rest, I could but stop
For one short moment, their accustomed mirth.
What have I gained by all my countless crimes;
Gained! death and madness hover in the thought!
Now to my cave, until the midnight watch. (*Going.*)
Confusion! Kathleen safe! the minstrel here!
Demons are leagued to frustrate my design!

Enter Thomond and Kathleen. [R. H.]

Kathleen. Oh! 'tis the fiend Black Brian! save me from his ruthless power, I conjure you!

Thomond. Fear not my love, this arm will now not only protect thee, but avenge thy wrongs.

Black Brian. (aside.) One glorious effort, and the prize is mine. I have nothing to fear from the struggles which the bard may make to save her, as like all poets, he can compose heroic stanzas, better than he can perform heroic actions. *(Aloud.)* Resign the Lady, minion of the muses! or else I shall send you harping to Pluto!

Thomond. Base wretch! I shall resign my life first! Away! thy blood is not worthy of my sword, low born peasant!

Black Brian. Then rash boy, to this sword yield it.

[Music.—Black Brian rushes on him, but he parries his thrust, they encounter each other with fury. Kathleen looks on the combat with fear and terror. They close and after a desperate struggle, Thomond overpowers Brian, just as Cormac, and followers enter, who immediately seize and manacle him.—Cormac seems amazed on viewing the Princely dress of the minstrel.]

Thomond. Villain! we have thee now, but I would not disgrace my sword by taking thy life, for on the scaffold you must expiate your horrid crimes.—Cormac drag the criminal to the castle, there to abide the heroic Phelim's judgment.

Kathleen. (Taking his arm.) Twice brave Prince, hast thou risked thy life for me, and in future, mine shall be devoted to the pleasing task of making you happy; here is my hand, my heart is already in your possession.

Thomond. Dearest Kathleen! now the measure of my happiness is full of joy. *(kisses her.)*

Cormac. Surely this can be no bard, for Lady Kath-

leen certainly would not allow any one below the rank of a Prince, to kiss her. (*aside.*)

Thomond. Cormac conduct forth your prisoner.

Cormac. (*To Brian.*) Come along, deceiver, surely the devil has taken your shape, but I have one infallible way of knowing him, and that is by his cloven foot and branching horns! [*Eyeing him attentively.*]

[*Enter Phelim, Turloch, O' Cahán, &c. [R. H.] Kathleen rushes into her father's arms.*]

Phelim. My dear Kathleen! my darling! come let me embrace thee, child of my heart! Tell me, Kathleen, what has befallen thee? What strange occurrence?

Kathleen. I have suffered much, but all is banished in thy safe return, the storms are calmed, and the sunbeams of happiness again dawn upon my heart.

Enter Minona, Ellen, O' Connolly, &c. [L. H.]

Minona. My dearest sister, my Kathleen safe! Oh! how musical the voice of sisterly affection, it is as sweet as the vernal gale embalmed with the breath of roses. Thrice welcome to my heart. [*They embrace.*]

O' Connolly. My chief returned, and the Lady Kathleen safe, and looking as beautiful as Everallin when she captivated the heart of Ossian—oh my old heart is in a blaze of delight. But my mind will remain on the rack of impatience, until I learn how her Ladyship was carried out of the castle, for certainly it was a magician, or a devil, that evaded my watchful eye.

Phelim. What means this spectacle which I see?—Why is the pious hermit, Brian, guarded? Speak, and unravel all this mystery?

Kathleen. That best can I, father:—This vile hypocritical wretch, in collusion with Birmingham, forced me from the castle.

O' Connolly. For heaven's sake Lady, through what door, or aperture did they convey you; for surely the old necromancers that practiced their deceptions on our

Milesian ancestors, could not have passed out that night unknown to Patrick O'Connolly.

Kathleen. There is a subterraneous passage O'Connolly, leading to the castle of my father, through which they bore me, good Warder.

Phelim. And did Ulster contain so foul a monster?—

Minona. Alas! as yet you know not half his perfidious crimes.

Kathleen. How I escaped, I need not now relate.—Enough—this chivalric youth achieved my rescue.

[*The Prince comes forward.*]

Phelim. This youth, (*taking his hand,*) noble fellow! but who is he?

Kathleen. The reigning Prince of Thomond, my Lord.

Thomond. My Lord, I pray you pardon my passing myself off as a minstrel, as the motive will extenuate the deception.—Fame had declared the Lady Kathleen's virtues, I loved those virtues; yet I wished to prove, if fame had over-stepped the bounds of truth. "I came,—I saw,—*she* conquered." From my heart her loved idea cannot be effaced. Oh! then, Prince, permit me to declare my passion, and supplicate the Lady Kathleen's hand.

Phelim. She shall be thine, brave Thomond; this only could repay the mighty debt of gratitude we owe thee.

[*Placing her hand in his.*]

Thomond. The possession of the lovely Kathleen will make me happier than ever Cæsar was on his throne, when the world offered him homage.

Phelim. (*To Black Brian.*) But now stand forth, thou base ungrateful man, whom I have fostered with a guardian's care; and ye brave chiefs and followers, around, bear witness to the righteous justice of O'Neil.

[*Black Brian is led forth, Turloch starts on seeing him.*]

Turloch. Accursed fiend! and is it thou? Oh, noble

Phelim, there stands the wretch who has destroyed my peace!

All. Oh, the vile and atrocious imp of turpitude!

Phelim. Who then can wonder at this last attempt?

Black Brian. Thou need'st not wonder, for my soul disdains to hide one act. It was I who slew O'Cahan, to gain the lands he held—the maid he loved.—Foiled in these hopes, I would have slain the chieftain,—part in revenge, because he spurned my suit—but more, because I would be chief myself. Start not, Turloch, it was noble to conceive the thought! That I had talents, I was proudly conscious; and had I succeeded in seating myself in the castle of O'Cahan, who would have dared to say, “What placed thee there?”

Turloch. Oh! what an expanded mind thou hast destroyed! Hadst thou been virtuous, thou hadst been immortal!

Minona. Thou dost not tell of all the nefarious arts, by which thou didst endeavour to ensnare my youthful mind, and lead me into vice, ere I was competent of distinguishing between the calm and steady form of friendship, and the bright and fascinating aspect of love.

Black Brian. I dare avow, whatever I dare conceive. True I did woo thee with the softest vows, in order to seduce your affections, but your heart, young as it was; then, was plighted to another. Had I succeeded in winning your love, I would ascend to *Phelim's* dignity, where my talents would have full scope for exertion.

Cormac. I believe it is the old one after all, for I smell sulphur.

Black Brian. Prince, you wronged me once—I swore revenge: this was my motive to assist the English Lord Deputy. It was I that caused your war horse to plunge—'twas I that, midst the castle's festive scene, chaunted a *Banshee* strain, that awed and terrified every mind except your own.

Phelim. His life has been a tissue web of atrocious crimes, each deeper in shade than was its fellow; and it is meet he die, to cleanse these stains of turpitude, in the fountain of atonement.

Kathleen. My father, in thy wrath, remember, the conqueror's brightest attribute—mercy.—

Phelim. He showed thee none, my child—compassion never melted his frozen breast.—Therefore, retributive justice demands his death.—Away with him to execution. [*The ancient bard of O'Neil steps forward.*]

Bard. Prince, because the wolf devours the helpless lamb, must the proud eagle dip his beak in gore? Why does our ancient Brehon statutes forbid the shedding of Milesian blood. The wise and equitable laws of the sage Brehons, were the laws of Ireland for ages, and gave liberty and protection to her sons. Violate them not, Prince, your illustrious ancestors held them sacred, and during their existence Erin was, what I hope she will soon be again.—great, glorious, free, and independent.

Phelim. Hear then our sentence,—bear him hence to prison, there let a pious Priest attend him daily, and if his prayers shall lead him to repent, release him, but till then securely guard him.

Black Brian. Spite of your vengeance I will still be great: my body you can bind, but not my soul.—Oh! how I scorn thy power! I could elude its utmost stretch—for I could die; but I will live to mock thy punishments, and show thee that Brian's mind shall rise great in gigantic strength, and stern contempt!

[*As they are leading him off, Birmingham, and followers, enter.*]

Thomond. Cowardly Saxon! are you ready to answer to me, for your base conduct to this noble Lady?

Birmingham. Who art thou, stripling, that so insultingly offers to become the Lady's champion?

Thomond. The son of a Prince, that never lowered the standard of Erin, before the ferocious lion of England. I am the heir of that regal Thomond, whom your countrymen basely murdered, and I have long wished for an opportunity of measuring swords with thee. Come to yonder ramparts, and try what virtue

there is my Lord, in *Irish* steel. —Your conduct to this Lady was that of a coward.

Phelim. No Cousin of Thomond, it is me he must encounter in personal combat, (*Kathleen and Minona, evince fright and agitation,*) an O'Neil never gave way, even to a lover, in avenging the insults offered to his child. Birmingham was this a noble act? Was it such, as comported with the honour of a soldier?

Birmingham. I am ashamed of my own conduct, and will not justify it by entering the lists with you; then cease your upbraidings; Oh were I but revenged on one vile slave, I care not for the rest.—Ha! by the angels, thou art there!

Black Brian. Yes, and prepared to answer whatever thou canst urge against me.—I am as firm, sir, as one of the pillars of the Giant's causeway.

Birmingham. Audacious anchorite! thou hast betrayed me; and with this sword I shall try thy boasted rocky firmness.

Black Brian. Chieftain I tell thee, to thy teeth, it is false!

[*Birmingham seizes him furiously; in the struggle he stabs Brian, who falls and dies.*]

Thomond. Lord Birmingham, thou hast wronged him much, he served thee but too well.

Birmingham. I did not mean his death; but he provoked me beyond my patience's utmost power to bear.

Phelim. Heaven, by thy hand, has punished all his crimes,

Proved its justice:—he deserves his fate.—

But thou, proud chieftain, instantly depart:—

Thou didst infringe the laws which should have bound

Thy hand from every act of hostile terror,—

Go to thy Pale,* no warrior shall impede

Thy progress thence.

* THE PALE, as the English called the province of Leinster, which they possessed by the treason of Dermod McMurrough,

Birmingham. Yes, I will depart; but beware! the time may come, when with my warlike hosts I shall return to make thee regret thy conduct on this day!

Phelim. My Lord, I am always ready to meet a foe on the field of battle, in honourable combat.

Thomond. It well becomes a man who has made war upon a helpless female to hold out empty threats;—it is superlatively ridiculous. What a specimen of English valour!

Birmingham. Remember O'Brien that we may meet on the Shannon's bank, on more equal terms than we can here.

[*Exeunt Birmingham, &c.*]

Minona. Though my beloved sister! my heart is dead to love, and cold as the senseless marble; though it is disappointed in its brightest expectations, and benighted in the moonless misery of anguish, still thy approaching bliss throws a ray of pleasure over the desolation of my mind. May the connubial torch blaze for you; and the Prince you love, with undiminished lustre.

Enter Morna. (R. H.)

Kathleen. (Embracing her.) Welcome good Morna.

Morna. Oh, my dear Lady, how fast I have run,—I am quite out of breath.—Welcome, my darling,—welcome a thousand times, with your young Prince—Oh its little I thought that this minstrel was a Prince; now we will have a wedding my Lady, at least.—How my heart jumps for joy, my Lady, when I think of the great doings in the abbey, and banqueting hall. (*aside,*) And I think there will be more brides than one, for now that the war is over, Cormac will, I hope, marry me, so I de-

the ravisher of the Queen of Breffeny, comprehended the counties of Carlow, Dublin, Kildare, Kilkenny, King's Co. Queen's Co. Longford, Louth, part of Meath, and West Meath, Wexford, and Wicklow. This district, the English fortified by numerous castles, and made subject to their own form of legislation.

vote myself Cupid, to thy shrine; lend me but one arrow, guide it successfully to Cormac's heart, and then dispose of Morna as it shall please you, dear divinity.

Phelim. For your zeal and devotion, in the cause of your Prince and country, my faithful soldiers and friends I thank you all, and will reward your patriotism, should our English foes dare to issue from their fortress of Ardee,* to invade our frontiers, I have only to unfurl the green banner of Erin, again, and you will all quickly array yourselves under it, and drive them back to the Pale.

All. We will—we will; always fight for Erin, and O'Neil.

O'Connolly. My Lord there is one favour, would you grant it?

Phelim. Name it—you need but ask. To make all my people happy is to me a pleasing duty, as like the sun, I wish to enliven every planet in my system, with cheerful rays.

* ARDEE, which was a place of consequence before the Christian era, is situated on both banks of the river *Dee*, in the county of Louth, at the distance of thirty-four miles N. E. from Dublin. In opulence, respectability, and population, it ranks next to Drogheda and Dundalk. It was the scene of many memorable events, that occurred before the arrival of the English, of which, we have given relation in our history of Ireland. King John caused it to be walled and fortified.

In 1207, Roger Peppard, (the remote ancestor of the author of this drama,) built here a superb castle, as well as a large abbey for Friars, of the order of St. Augustin. His grandson, Ralph, Lord of Ardee, erected another abbey dedicated to St. John, (on the site of which, the present Roman Catholic Chapel stands,) in the reign of Edward I. In 1315, Prince Edward Bruce, captured Ardee, and set fire to the church of St. Mary, while filled with men, women, and children, the entire of whom perished in the flames. But these events will be detailed in our history of Ireland. The castle was repaired in 1812, and is now used as a session house. The country in the vicinity of Ardee, is rich and beautiful. In the neighbourhood of that town, the fondly remembered scene of happiness, the author of this drama was born, on the 23d of June, 1793.

O' Connolly. My Lord, my son loves the youthful and modest Ellen—would your highness but sanction their union.

Phelim. 'Tis granted; and I will provide for faithful Cormac's comfort.

Thomond. And for his attention to my Kathleen, I shall have the pleasure of rewarding him too.

Morna. (*Seizing Cormac's hand.*) Is it possible Cormac, that after all the soft and gallant things you have whispered in my ears, that you are now going to desert me, and marry an artful coquette, a refined lump of rusticity, who has flirted away with every one that offered her compliments;—and she has a heart, like wax, ready to receive every impression that is applied to it—Oh, it is enough to drive me mad. (*Pouts and whines.*)

Cormac. Dear Morna, I never meant to —————

Morna. Silence you coxcomb, you are blind to my perfections, you are no judge of beauty,—away ingrate, to your hoyden of affectation, and don't think I will throw myself in the lake on your account.—Oh no,—for there is as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, and though I could not hook a *gudgeon*, a woman of my appearance, and manners, cannot fish long for a husband, in the ocean of life.

Cormac. (*Aside.*) Curse on your vanity and conceit.

Phelim. Now let us to the castle, and conclude this night with festive mirth; and may we learn one awful lesson from the scenes just past,—that never yet did guilt escape detection, though demons leagued to hide it from the world.

GLEE.—FINALE.

By Miss Balfour.

Air.—“*Paddy Carey.*”

Peace and joy their gifts bestowing,
Every breast with rapture glowing,
Ev'ry cheek suffus'd with pleasure,
Wake the harp's enlivening measure.

Discord now, no more dividing,—
Shamrock wreaths our hearts entwine,
Temperance o'er the feast presiding,—
Fill the bowl with rosy wine.

Chorus.

Peace and joy their gifts bestowing, &c.

Cormac.

In my Ellen's love possessing,
Ev'ry joy and ev'ry blessing;
Love his pinions widely spreading,
Soon shall crown our happy wedding.

Rich in ev'ry sweet enjoyment,
Which our kind protectors give,
Be it hence our sole employment,
Pleasing those by whom we live.

Chorus.

Peace and joy, &c.

[Curtain falls slowly.]



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